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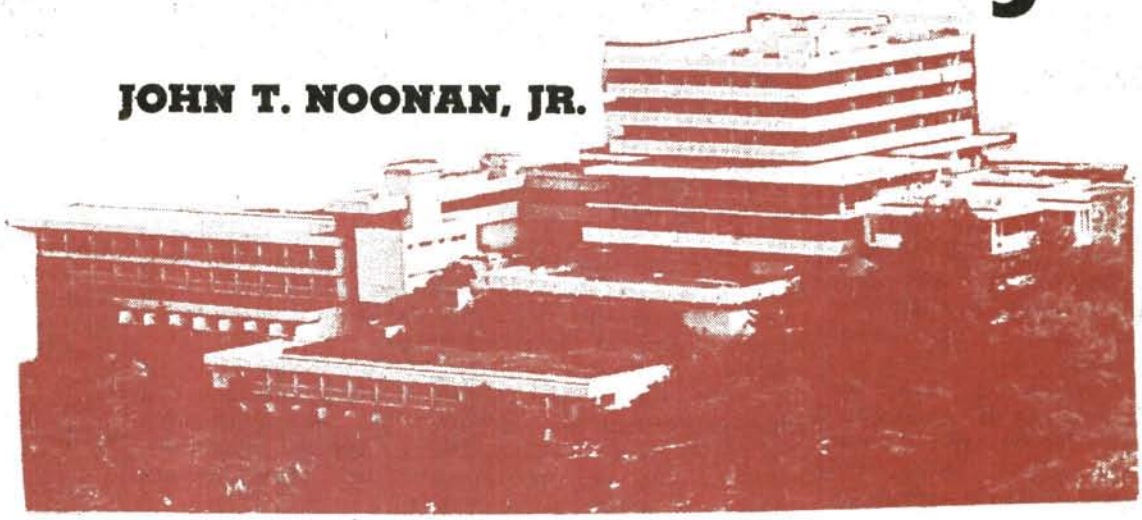
commonweal

Education Issue

No Room at the TraveLodge

JOHN T. NOONAN, JR.



SHIFT TO THE RIGHT BRIAN WICKER

LOGIC AND LOLLIPOPS DENNIS O'BRIEN

BOMBS, SPIES AND LOCH NESS THOMAS POWERS

THE STONEWALL AT STEVENS RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

NO HAIL TO THE CHIEF DESMOND FISHER

UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT FRANK GETLEIN

THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

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NEWS & VIEWS

Phyllis McGinley

Phyllis McGinley died last month. She wasn't exactly *Commonweal*'s cup of tea, nor we hers for that matter. She published a number of her poems here—in 1927 and 1928, in 1932 and 1934, in 1957. Her appearances were sporadic, almost as if she was uneasy with us as we were with the suburban world she celebrated so lyrically and, in time, almost exclusively. Of course, we weren't paying *The New Yorker* rates, either.

It's fair to say Phyllis McGinley was genteel in ways *Commonweal* never was, nor could be and still be *Commonweal*. Her world was peopled by happy kids skipping rope, by dedicated volunteer firemen, by Decoration Day paraders, by stolid husbands arriving home on the 5:32 out of Grand Central, being met by composed wives settled behind the wheels of station wagons. It was all very neat and ordered and sensible. *Commonweal*'s heart—wherever its editors may have been residing—was tugged in other directions. Dorothy Day's world was ever closer for *Commonweal* than Phyllis McGinley's.

I shared a village for almost ten years with Phyllis McGinley. We came in contact only once, when I profiled her in 1969 for *U.S. Catholic*. She wasn't anxious about being interviewed, but she had just written her book *Saint Watching* and she thought an article at that time and in that outlet might help sales. I doubt that it did. I don't think the book ever did much.

I doubt, too, that Phyllis McGinley liked my piece. I never heard from her after its appearance, and I suspect I know why. I wasn't kind to her suburbia, suggesting that it was false and fated to sink in a sea of supermarkets, pizza parlors, Texaco stations and superficial values. Further, I was impolitic enough to link her verse with that of James Whitcomb Riley, arguing she was to suburbia what Riley was to turn-of-the-century rural America.

Phyllis McGinley was aware that hers was "light verse," and she even allowed in that *U.S. Catholic* interview that the 1961 Pulitzer Prize for poetry "probably" should have gone to Ogden Nash; she "just happened" to have *Times Three* out that year, she said. The self-denigration notwithstanding, she esteemed herself greatly, and no reason why she shouldn't have. I suspect she considered her work several pegs above James Whitcomb Riley's.

Whatever my comparison, Phyllis McGinley was a perceptive, exceptionally talented person. She was also considerably less conservative than her verse—and her milieu—suggested. She was one of the four Catholics, remember, on the special study panel named by Governor Nelson Rockefeller in the mid-1960s, to study and make recommendations on New York State's old abortion law; she was the only one of the four to vote for liberalization.

"I hate the idea of abortion," she said in *U.S. Catholic*, "but ours is a pluralistic state, and I don't expect the State of New York to administer the laws of my church."

Phyllis McGinley's delusion—widely shared, be it said in her defense—was that she didn't believe liberalization would lead to abuse. "No one's going to run out and get an abortion like she gets her nails done," she said to me. "The decision to get an abortion is a traumatic one."

Well, you've seen all that change, and so did Phyllis McGinley. I expect she came to regret her 1960s logic, but if she did, she never went public about it. And though she was one of those who helped pave the way for change, no one looked for her to. People just didn't look to Phyllis McGinley for large judgments on theological or secular questions. Not that she was a woman without ideas; it was rather that she seemed the archetypical suburban housewife concerned about smaller matters, however important.

The *New York Times*, in its obituary, remarked that she "did not care for Bohemia, but she seldom became shrill about her distaste."

True. And one reason may have been because she herself came up from Bohemia. As a young poet she lived in Greenwich Village, and she did her turn tripping around on rooftops with the Village avant-garde. But the longer she was in suburbia the more firmly she seemed to lock those experiences out of consciousness. I have a friend who used to urge Phyllis McGinley's daughters to get their mother to put those memories down on paper before it was too late. I doubt she ever did.

Phyllis McGinley moved back to Manhattan from suburbia for the last years. A widow, she needed to be nearer to family. She died there, not having disturbed the pluperfect suburban image she had constructed about herself through her verse out in Westchester. The creator, in a word, died the creature of what she had surveyed. . . . R.I.P.

INLAND

Here in the valley is peace. Perhaps you are able
To suffer the calm of each far, grave hill and immutable star,
And not hunger and thirst for the sea and the brown, unstable
Sand and the quick-wheeling gull. It is well if you are.

I should be like a young girl with my youth made plunder
To age—knowing only the old, going their silent, old, wise ways;
Rebelliously shut from life, and its surge and its thunder,
Troubled by echoes of dreams through my quiet days.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY in *Commonweal*, March 23, 1927

Robert Lax (cont.)

When I wrote the reflection on Robert Lax a couple of weeks ago, I checked *Books in Print* for current Lax titles. Finding nothing, I presumed there was nothing of his in print. I was mistaken.

There are no less than 19 Robert Lax items in print, and available from Journeyman Press, a non-profit publisher devoted to producing books and films of poetry in imaginative visual form.

Emil Antonucci is Journeyman Press; he has designed and illustrated all of Lax's works, continuing an association that began back at *Jubilee* a generation ago.

With one exception (a $75 portfolio of all of Lax's color poems), the Journeyman Press items by Robert Lax are $2 or less. "We've always made a point of that," said Antonucci. "We've sought to be as reasonable as possible."

A $5000 small-presses grant in 1971 from the National Endowment for the Arts was a help for a while, but mostly it's a struggle to keep costs minimal and keep the Lax items coming. The items are pamphlet size. Such money as they make—which at $1, $1.50 and $2 apiece can't be much—goes back into the books.

Catalogues are available by writing to Journeyman Press, P.O. Box 4434, Grand Central Station, New York 10017. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

World Religions

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors: Herbert McCabe's excellent review of *The Myth of God Incarnate* [Mar. 3] was unfortunately marred by his statement that "There is no significant world religion except Christianity. Every other religion . . . has shown itself incapable of breaking free from a particular culture or even a particular people."

To some extent this is true of Hinduism. But unless we consider India, Tibet, China, Japan, Thailand and Vietnam one "people" and one "culture," Buddhism deserves to be called a "world religion." Islam does not do too badly either, reaching from the Atlantic, North Africa and the Arab world to Pakistan, India, Indonesia and the Philippines.

Our blanket generalizations about the other religions certainly don't foster the wider ecumenism.

(REV.) FRANCIS X. CLOONEY, S.J.

Armament Bloat

Wallace, Idaho

To the Editors: In "*News & Views*" for January 20, 1978, John Deedy, under the rubric "Exporting Repression," summarizes Michael T. Klare's "another hard look" at United States involvement in supplying "arms and equipment to those foreign dictatorships which are aligned politically with the United States." Readers are grateful for the factual reporting.

However, the thrust in such writing for more sanity toward peace in the world, is invariably blunted through failure to stress the employment factor. Armament industries need workers; workers need jobs. Until we are educated at the grassroot level to the basic need for massive research in implementation of alternative job opportunities, appeals for peace will remain largely platitudinous.

The economics of employment-un-

(*Continued on page 223*)

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THE NEW CURRICULUM

In what may be a major turning point in the history of American higher education, a good number of universities—Harvard among them—are making this the great year of curriculum revision.

In some places the new plans may look like the faculty-administration counter-reformation against the occasionally radical reforms in student life and teaching that swept the campuses in the 1960s—a chance for a once-badgered faculty to rebound against today's off-guard, docile, job-oriented and passive student generation and reestablish some authoritative requirements: a list of what one generation thinks the next generation ought to know to function as a liberally educated human being.

Much of this shift is good. A required core curriculum establishes, however indirectly, a university's creed and character. To design a course or assign a book implies some kind of value judgment. And the smorgasbord approach to education, accented by the anti-authority's '60s "I'm not 'into' reading and writing," and "No one should have to do anything he doesn't want to do" mentality, brought on more cultural illiteracy and moral aimlessness, "ya know," than a society can stand.

But students and faculty of the '60s also knew a few things their successors are in danger of forgetting: that students often learn best when the academic questions arise from questions they really ask about life, God, death, love, justice and trust—not from a course called Introduction to Eternal Questions I & II; that faculty and administrators (like students), when their power and performance go unchallenged, become lazy, irresponsible and corrupt; that universities as institutions function best as communities, where decision-making is shared, where students and teachers live and learn together because they have a romance with someone named Truth whom they have spotted from a distance but can't get close enough

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to embrace; that universities (like people) that want "prestige" and wealth can get too eager, become slaves of the state and compromise the prophetic role that belongs to the university campus as much as it does to the church.

Harvard has just published its four-year, 36-page curriculum study in which it proposes to take away virtually unchecked student discretion in course selection and impose "coherence and a sense of educational priorities" in a core curriculum of seven to ten courses, about one quarter of the student's work, with requirements in literature and the arts, history, social and philosophical analysis, science and mathematics, and foreign language and culture. Some good points: it is flexible, respects the student's intelligence, and doesn't overload him with structure or cook up superficial introductory courses everyone must take, rather it describes what kind of substantive knowledge and skills the requirement is meant to instill and calls into being new courses designed to meet these aims; it is strong on writing, the arts, interdisciplinary studies and courses dealing with moral issues.

Harvard, while it describes what the graduate should be able to *do* and how he should critically appreciate the universe, prudently offers no prescription for what he should believe; nor does it deal with God or theology outside the context of history and philosophy; nor does it discuss how the very atmosphere of the university teaches, how students form their values on the basis of how they are treated and how faculty and administrators deal with them and with one another.

Since Catholic universities often define themselves by the degree to which they are or are not Harvard, they should study the Harvard proposal for ideas on what the "best" secular education offers and fails to provide.

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LABOR IN THE SOUTH

THE STONEWALL AT STEVENS

Richard Gregory is a "nice-looking boy" who occupies most of his days in front of one of the drugstores in Roanoke Rapids, a North Carolina town of some 13,000 people. There is work at most of the seven local plants of the J. P. Stevens Company that dominates the life of the community, but 19-year-old Richard has already had a career at the mill, and is considered unemployable.

You soon see why. Textile mills need willing hands, but not those without fingers. Richard holds up his right hand, showing only the slightest evidence of stumps for four fingers and thumb. "I just fell down on those rollers and caught my hand," he explains, "and lost my fingers. They told me they didn't need me. They let me go."

J. P. Stevens is not a struggling employer, fighting for its economic existence. It is a billion-dollar, multinational corporation with a palatial-skyscraper headquarters in New York City and a string of more than 80 plants and some 45,000 employees, making it the second biggest name in textiles in the United States. Yet within its inventory, Stevens has no categories for the health and safety of its workers, or their well-being.

It goes beyond the traditional rhetoric of the union organizer who points an accusing finger at a callous and indifferent employer—for J. P. Stevens has become somewhat of an anachronism to the New South, even an embarrassment to some Southern politicians who have participated in the cultural and social change that came with black political emergence. And in the process the company has lent its name to the lexicon of a revised labor movement that now sees renewed promise of a breakthrough in the Sunbelt states.

Stevens, says the AFL-CIO, is the leading labor law violator in the nation. And the National Labor Relations Board and a series of federal courts appear to agree, making rulings that would seemingly have demolished any other company seeking to operate outside of the law when dealing with collective bargaining. "Bad faith" negotiating decisions are commonplace in the suits and counter-suits brought in post-election court tests, but last December an administrative judge of the NLRB summed up the company's approach to negotiations with its employees at Roanoke Rapids as having ". . . all the tractability and open-mindedness of Sherman at the outskirts of Atlanta."

That decision followed an earlier one by the Board to seek a nationwide injunction against Stevens to force the giant firm "to stop interfering with the rights of workers to organize and to bargain collectively under terms of the National Labor Relations Act." This had followed a ruling by the U.S. Court of Appeals, finding Stevens in contempt for continued labor violations and calling it the most notorious scofflaw in the field of labor law.

All of this means little to Richard Gregory, on the scrap heap in a textile town at 19. He had been working on the machine only about a week when the accident took place. ". . . I was pullin' the carpet. It slapped over. When it came loose I just fell down on those

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rollers and caught my hand . . . that's when I lost 'em (the fingers)." He may have been lucky. Other J. P. Stevens workers have "given their all" to the textile giant, experienced other mishaps or contracted the deadly brown lung disease from breathing lint and cotton dust. They too go on the "heap."

Stevens knows nothing about compensation, rehabilitation, concern. "The looms are all that count, the machinery," says Mildred Whitley, who worked for Stevens for 26 years until she requested a lighter job after a mastectomy operation. "They told me to go ask for welfare and laid me off," she told a Senate Subcommittee investigating Stevens's continued violations of the Labor Act, more than any other company in American labor relations history. Another worker who testified before a NLRB hearing, and as a result lost her job, declared that "Stevens doesn't just fire you. They fire your whole family."

Anyone familiar with the social anthropology of the South knows of the one-company-town syndrome, and the impact which it has in the cultural and social life of the community, logical ripple-like effects of economic and political dominance. J. P. Stevens becomes a classic part of this structure, and it's no accident that its plants are located in some of the last bastions of Dixiecrat ideology, particularly the Carolinas.

The company uses every dirty trick in the book to stop its employees from choosing or joining a union and, as a federal appeals court found, "it interfered with, restrained and coerced its employees . . . flagrantly, cynically and unlawfully." The 3,500 workers at the Stevens mills in Roanoke Rapids voted for the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union of America almost four years ago—and are still unable to obtain a contract with the company.

"It's simple economics," says a Virginia "labor consultant" who has Stevens as a client: "They figure that it is cheaper in both the short run and the long run to retain people like myself, contest, file appeals and tie everything up in the bureaucracy of a toothless labor law—than in accepting the union, raising the wage and benefit rate and having to establish pensions and contributions to compensation and disability funds." In the cheering section are other Southern employers, without high-priced legal counsel, who see Stevens as the bulwark against the worker share of the economic pie that they have been consuming in the developing Sunbelt states.

The contempt which Stevens has exhibited to both its employees and the labor law which it has so easily flaunted has at least served as a symbolic rallying point for a fightback campaign. With Cesar Chavez having called off the eight-year-old boycott against table grapes, the consumer boycott organized by the Amalgamated against Stevens now becomes a focal point of protest activity. Older brown lung victims and younger workers fired because of union activity or disabling accidents have taken to the circuit that once was the turf of striking farmworkers.

Sheets, towels, carpets, draperies, blankets and table linens that carry the J. P. Stevens name or known retail brand names have been the object of consumer-oriented campaigns. Steelworkers and other union members have succeeded in removing many of the product lines from department stores in Pittsburgh and other cities. A union-community services dinner in San Francisco recently proceeded only after waiters removed Stevens tablecloths. Princeton University students gathered 2,000 signatures on a petition asking the university to stop buying Stevens products. A dozen governors or state legislatures have supported boycott resolutions, some after hearing former workers at the textile giant.

The boycott may make a dent in the Stevens profit line, but as with other consumer actions it is more likely to dramatize the plight of its adversaries and gain some action in the legislative sector. This is the ultimate hope for Stevens workers, organized and unorganized, and for hundreds of thousands of other white and blue collar workers in the Sunbelt economy who have little prospect of unionism today. For J. P. Stevens has become the *cause célèbre* of the push in Congress for reform of the 42-year-old National Labor Relations Act, still known to old Washington hands as the Wagner Act.

This is the "toothless labor law" of the J. P. Stevens counsel—a maze of administrative edicts and rulings which function through political appointees, many of them left over from the Eisenhower years and with fresh Nixon attachments, few of whom are even philosophically committed to the concept of collective bargaining. The Carter administration has endorsed the legislation, already passed by the House and up for consideration in the Senate this month. In an unusual alliance of the moderate and "respectable" Right with the fringe operators and neo-conservatives who constitute the "New Right," conservative opposition to the reform bill suggests the alarm which the Sunbelt and old-line business coalitions see in revamping the act.

One labor editorialist made this analogy: "If we enforced the murder statutes the way we enforce the Wagner Act, the dead would pile up in the streets . . . and killers would be instructed, patiently, to please go out there and try not to kill again." The metaphoric assault can be forgiven with the experiences of hundreds of union organizers in the South in recent decades, who have secured signatures on union cards in an atmosphere resembling a political underground, taken them to representatives of a federal agency who supervised a representation election, and then observed as corporate lawyers challenged the result, many times effectively denying union contracts for years after the vote.

Labor lobbyists maintain that the Labor Reform bill

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backed by the Carter administration will do litttle more than translate into reality the promise of the Wagner Act now on the books, contending that the Act is today more openly flouted than any other existing piece of federal legislation. Each year more than 15,000 unfair labor practice charges are filed, and employers appear to have as much respect for the law as does any practicing hooker in a big city convention and tourist district. For instance, according to the NLRB, there has been a 900-percent increase since 1947 in unfair labor practice cases that get all the way to the five-member board. In the past 16 years, charges have better than doubled to 34,203 annually.

The reform legislation would provide both union and employer access to full records prior to union representation elections, a mandatory injunction preventing firing of employees during an organizing effort, backpay for those discharged because of union activity and new rules and judicial review procedures which will not mean indefinite delays following representation elections.

Through the same defiance of the law, low-wage factories with sweatshop conditions continue to exist, largely in Southern states where there is little, if any, state industrial accident compensation or unemployment benefits. The same employers usually cheat on federal wage and hour standards the same as they scofflaw the Wagner Act. Now, however, the long period of underemployment and unemployment that has locked most of the industrial states into a deadly economic embrace for the past decade is being felt even in the Sunbelt, where black working people reflect the national averages of joblessness. "Renaissance" cities such as New Orleans and Atlanta are Potemkin Villages of the New South, with an exterior of flashy superdomes and Hyatt House-like complexes, while literally thousands of unemployed black youths roam streets rarely seen by out-of-town visitors to conventions and to sporting events.

If union organizers are seen by conservatives behind the billboards of textile and manufacturing towns throughout the Sunbelt, then others are not awaiting any favorable climate that reform of the Wagner Act might bring to organizing, including a speeding up the process of contesting the results of representation elections. In February at the huge shipbuilding facility at Newport News, Virginia, the Steelworkers won an election which provides representation rights for more than 19,000 shipyard workers, defeating a company union that had been entrenched for more than 30 years.

The *Washington Post*, which pays scant attention to labor affairs unless they involve strikes or politics, called it "a stunning victory" and a "battle of powerful organizations with potentially far-reaching implications for the labor movement in Virginia, the South and the nation." Tenneco, a multi-million-dollar Houston-based conglomerate which owns the yard, is no less committed to discouraging unions than J. P. Stevens. But the influx of industrial union members into the political life of a conservative Southern state is bound to have impact on the Atlantic coastline.

The Stevens case with the Labor Relations Act has demonstrated that repeated violations mean only that a company fighting unionism has a legal staff familiar with loopholes, but to AFL-CIO lobbyists it has been the best of defense exhibits in its case to toughen the legal penalities against employers who thwart union drives as a matter of policy. What the Senate does with Labor Law Reform could set a threshold environment for a new union thrust in the New South, and that in itself could be the beginning of a fundamentally different kind of a South.

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

(Russell W. Gibbons is a labor editor and writer based in Pittsburgh.)

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IN IRELAND

NO HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Americans, accustomed to the general switch in public service jobs after a change of administration, might see nothing startling in the abrupt sacking of the chief of a country's police force by a government just six months in office. In Ireland, where public servants enjoy the securest tenure of employment, the dismissal at two hours' notice of the Commissioner of the Gárda Síochána (Guardians of the Peace), the national police force, has caused a major sensation. Surprisingly, for a country born in violence, it is only the second time in the 56 years' history of the modern Irish State that such a thing has happened. And, ironically, the last occasion—in 1933—involved the man who had founded the Gárda force eleven years earlier and the government which dismissed him was of the same party now in office.

The removal of the Commissioner on January 19 must be put down, at least indirectly, to the repercussions in the Republic of the traumatic events of recent years in Northern Ireland. In this sense, the Commissioner, Mr. Edmund P. Garvey, was an indirect victim of the Northern troubles and of the still unsolved problem of Irish unity.

But there were more proximate reasons. The govern-

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ment did not specify them, saying merely that it was important for it to have full confidence in the Gárda Commissioner. It had been no secret, however, that there were three main areas of contention including Mr. Garvey, the public and the police force. The two most serious were external, involving people outside the force. One was a series of allegations that some members of the Gárda force had been organized into a "heavy gang" which used physical and psychological pressure, amounting at times to brutality, to extract information from suspects, especially those believed to be members of the Provisional IRA and other extremist organizations. (See *Commonweal*, April 15, 1977).

Amnesty International investigated the complaints and found "consistent and substantial allegations of maltreatment, mainly by plainclothes detectives from the central police agencies in Dublin." As a result, the government was forced to set up a tribunal to suggest ways of protecting suspects and of clearing the Gárdaí from unjustified allegations. It is estimated that there are at least 100 cases alleging Gárda brutality being submitted to the courts.

Another major reason for concern was a scandal over fingerprint identifications by detectives in the force's technical bureau. This began with the finding of a workman's plastic helmet at the scene of the murders of the British Ambassador to Dublin and his secretary in a bomb explosion in July 1976. At first, no fingerprints were found on the helmet but later, after a known IRA man became the leading suspect, a fingerprint identified as his was reported as being found on the helmet. But just as the man was about to be arrested in Northern Ireland, another fingerprint expert identified the print as that of one of the experts who had originally examined the helmet. As a result, the suspect is virtually immune from arrest, and fingerprint evidence in other cases has been called into question. Mr. Garvey had transferred the two detectives who disputed the fingerprint identified and an internal inquiry failed to clear up the differences in the fingerprint unit. The Director of Public Prosecutions then ordered a full investigation. The results of the investigation are still being awaited.

The third—and, perhaps, the most abrasive—cause of friction was the widespread dissatisfaction in the Gárda force about the disciplinary ideas of the Commissioner. A non-smoker, non-drinker and non-socializing father of seven, Mr. Garvey ran his 9000-member force with a heavy hand. Described as "a Gárda chief who lived for the job" and "a top cop who got things done," Garvey was accused of pressurizing police into issuing summonses and making arrests; of arbitrarily transferring members from one station to another as a disciplinary measure and for dismissing them if they refused. He reduced the number of policemen on the beat: stopped overtime and introduced driver-only police cars. It was only with his dismissal that it became known that he had been attempting to prosecute five Gárda leaders under the Offences against the State Act for usurping the functions of the state. All five were on the editorial board of the *Gárda Review*, a magazine published by the Gárda representative body which has often been critical of the Commissioner. Other Gárdaí who had criticized the Commissioner at meetings of police had been on "special report," being subject to continuous investigation by the Special Branch which reported on their activities at set intervals.

Morale was so low that votes of no confidence in their chief were passed by local groups of Gárdaí in different parts of the country and the stage was reached when the force's representative body gave what amounted to an ultimatum to the Minister.

As in every other aspect of life in Ireland, politics came into it. Garvey was appointed Commissioner in 1975 by the coalition government which was ignominiously swept out of office in the June 1977 General Election. That government had taken a tough law-and-order stand, forcing through a declaration of a state of national emergency and enacting legislation permitting detention without charge for up to 7 days. Mr. Garvey was the ideal police chief in such a climate and he was highly regarded by the then government.

During the election campaign, however, it was alleged that many hundreds of Gárda had promised to support candidates of the Fianna Fáil party, then in opposition, in consideration of a change of Commissioner. But after Mr. Garvey's dismissal, a government spokesman said that under no circumstances whatever was an commitment made by any Fianna Fáil candidate about the Commissioner.

The leaders of both the coalition parties, now in opposition, issued statements calling for full explanations from the government of its dismissal of the Commissioner. Mr. Jack Lynch, the Taoiseach (Prime Minister) said it would be improper to enter into public discussion about the government's attention which, though "deeply regretted," came after long and careful consideration. Mr. Garvey himself has begun High Court Proceedings, claiming that his dismissal on two hours' notice was invalid and contrary to national justice.

In a letter from from his solicitors to the government, giving notice of his intentions to sue, Mr. Garvey denied that he was aware of any government concern at the way he was running the force or of any loss of confidence in him. He had received the opposite impression when he had dined wtih Mr. Lynch eight days before his dismissal.

It was ironic that Mr. Garvey's dismissal should have come on the day after the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg had ruled that Britain was guilty of inhuman and degrading treatment—but not of torture—in using what were euphemistically called in-depth

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interrogation techniques in Northern Ireland in 1971. The same techniques, used by the British Army in 11 countries over the past 30 years and, in this instance, also by specially trained Northern Ireland police, were stopped in 1971 after Ireland laid the charges against Britain. They were: the placing of hoods over the heads of prisoners; depriving them of sleep; forcing them to stand for long stretches against a wall with arms and legs outstretched; bread and water diet; and subjecting them to long periods of "white noise," that is, high-pitched electronic sounds. Some of the same techniques were alleged to have been used—though this has never been proved in court—by the Irish police "heavy gang."

The Strasbourg case involved only 14 of the hundreds of Northern Ireland Catholics rounded up and interned without trial in August 1971. There was no concealing the disappointment and chagrin in Ireland at the findings of the Court. The case had dragged on for over six years, largely because of British delaying tactics, and the Court's verdict had been confidently expected to return a verdict of "torture," which the European Commission (as distinct from the Court) of Human Rights had earlier found and which the British Attorney-General in charge of the case had, in fact, admitted. The Irish disappointment was deepened by the reaction of the British media which treated the ruling as a British victory.

The Court's verdict, while accepting that the five techniques used do not constitute torture, is nevertheless seen in Ireland as a major victory in protecting human rights in the 19-member Committee of the Council of Europe. British politicians, on the other hand, have condemned Ireland for pursuing a vendetta long after the practices complained of were discontinued. Ireland has hailed the verdict as a landmark ruling fully justifying her action in taking the first inter-country case before the European Court of Human Rights.

Mr. John Taylor, Junior Minister for Home Affairs in Northern Ireland at the time, denied that the N.I. government had any knowledge of the events and blamed an unnamed British Minister for approving the methods used. However, the Court ruled that it had no powers to charge the persons responsible and there are no signs that the British government plans to prosecute those guilty of authorizing and carrying out the techniques now ruled out as "inhuman and degrading." The most likely result is that they will be quietly removed and Anglo-Irish relations, which have been almost glacial since the Strasbourg case was initiated in December 1971, will thaw out now and gradually return to normal.

DESMOND FISHER

(*Desmond Fisher is* Commonweal*'s regular correspondent in Ireland.*)

WASHINGTON REPORT

UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT

The White House may have changed its mind by the time you read this, but as I write it, the administration is handling the miners' strike by invoking Taft-Hartley and issuing statements that the miners are expected to obey the law and return to work in time to save several Midwest and Border states from brown-outs, blackouts and alternating hours for alternating current. This is not exactly like King Canute commanding the tide to stop where it was, but it does resemble a proposal heard on the Hill as the House was decorating Humphrey-Hawkins that an amendment be added decreeing a mild winter next year.

If Taft-Hartley means anything—and if it does this time, that'll be the first—it means that the government is saying, You get right back in that hole in the ground and start digging, you rascal, or we'll put you in jail. The justification for Taft-Hartley is, as ever, the existence of a national emergency. Certainly a case can be made for a regional emergency, at least a state emergency or two and a good handful of municipal emergencies beginning or on the way. Most Americans do accept the right of the state to require their labors, indeed their lives, in an authentic national emergency. That's what wartime conscription is all about and why it ultimately failed in Vietnam. Only people like General Westmoreland thought the Viet Cong would land in Malibu once they got a boat. The cost to citizens was simply unacceptable in terms of the proclaimed but unperceived "emergency" or "threat."

The shrinking coal supply probably does constitute a more genuine national emergency than the loss of Vietnam to the Vietnamese ever did, but Taft-Hartley is a very different thing from conscription into the armed forces. The government is not saying, The emergency is on, you'll have to work for the government. It is saying instead, The emergency is on, you'll have to work for that corporation over there and strictly on the corporation's terms. That's insupportable. It's involuntary servitude. It's feudalism, with the state enforcing one man's "right" to another man's work. It's the 19th century come again, with troops at the ready to compel the undeserving poor to serve the

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pleasure and profit of the deserving rich. And, on the face of it, Taft-Hartley has to be either meaningless, as it has been so far, or unconstitutional, which it has not been declared because it has always been rendered moot by events before the question could be brought in the lowest courts, let alone the highest.

Taft-Hartley, like the premature dismantlement of price-controls and the subsequent unleashing of the postwar inflation, was the product of the last Republican Congress and may well be one strong reason why the people in their wisdom have never elected another one and perhaps why, in electing Republican Presidents, they have chosen outsiders like Eisenhower and Nixon, never party establishmentarians like Goldwater or Tom Dewey.

Taft-Hartley is really a kind of self-indulgence on the part of the anti-union element in our society, the people who are now laboring stalwartly for the misnamed "right-to-work" laws. The invocation of Taft-Hartley by a Democratic administration fits in with the general split that may be observed between the liberal and the labor groups of a formerly united Democratic party. In Washington, that split has been most evident not in the union-busting, strike-breaking activities of the *Washington Post*, which have been those of any corporation aiming exclusively at increased profits, but rather in the reaction to those activities on the part of the liberal community, which has been a single momentary sigh followed by uninterrupted reading of the paper. People who ostentatiously did without lettuce and grapes for years never missed an issue of the *Post*. For its part, the *Post* has been notably anti-union on its editorial pages throughout the miners' strike. What do these people want? has been the attitude. These things feed on themselves. The *Post*, profoundly anti-union at the corporate level, has now become anti-union at the editorial level through routine seepage, one supposes, and the seep continues into the readership. It is interesting that the second fierce front in journalistic union-busting right now is taking place in the *Capitol-Times* papers of Madison, Wis., like the *Post* long regarded by friends and foes alike as dedicated to liberalism, indeed, over the years, rather to the left of the *Post*, a position by no means as hard to find as old Nixonians imagine.

Politically, all this probably means that the Carter administration is in the process of losing its labor support, as it is the support of blacks, Jews and the Democratic Congress, among other sectors of the Democratic party. This probably means a) that any number of people are going to see the Democratic primary of 1980 as by no means the pro-forma shoo-in primaries have traditionally been regarded as when an incumbent President wants renomination, and b) the Republicans have what will apparently become an increasingly fair chance at the big one in '80 if only they can restrain their natural instinct to nominate the last of the Hapsburgs. The next elections are not going to be '68 all over again, there being nothing Carter can do remotely comparable to Vietnam, but there are already points of resemblance.

As negotiations resumed while the Justice Department was learning that you have to have summonses to enforce any law, even Taft-Hartley, talk here rose about the dread threat of "Balkanization" of the UMW should the national union fail once more to come up with a contract its members will accept. The word and its use here are both interesting. Balkanization means the splitting up of a former unity into separate parts. The united Balkans the metaphor evokes were united most recently under three despotisms, the Austro-Hungarian, the Czarist Russian and the imperialist Turkish. Much of the area has been fitfully united for the last 30 years under the Soviet despotism, but the drive for national independence has been unstoppable and once again the Balkans are effectively Balkanized and getting more so. Does the metaphor mean the person using it really believes that Roumania, for example, is better off being occupied by Russian troops, that Hungarians are not fit to manage their own affairs, Bulgarians similarly incompetent? That Tito, the leading Balkanizer in the Balkans, should never have insisted on and created a Yugoslavia independent of the Soviet Union? Apparently.

Applied to the UMW, Balkanization might mean the return of effective, responsive unionism after the murderous corruption that characterized the UMW so recently, the uncertain timidity that succeeded. The good thing about Balkanization is the same thing that's good about having real countries in the Balkans instead of somebody else's provinces: home rule, unavoidable closeness between the governing and the governed. What's bad about it, of course, is the potential loss of "big" labor as a force for all of us against really big corporate power and moderately big government. The Balkans got their independence in the first place through war among the occupying empires and the consequent destruction of those empires. Those of us similarly occupied and ruled by giant corporations need any countervailing forces we can find and big unions have been one.

In the middle of all the Rosencrantz and Guildenstern activity going on at the White House, Justice and around the table itself, a possibly significant development went little noticed. In a couple of places, the striking farmers brought food to the striking miners. If that gesture is repeated, if those two groups get together, the next decade could see an economic-political development in this country that would change the values and positions of all the pieces on the board and more than make up for the weakening of today's big unions.

FRANK GETLEIN

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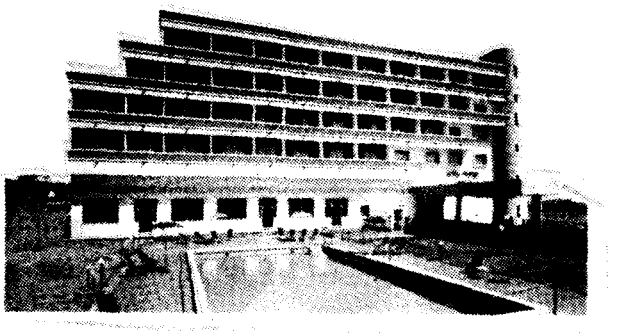
No Room at TraveLodge

JOHN T. NOONAN, JR.



The uses to which the New American Bible is put

Commonweal published a short article "The Devious Employees," on October 28, 1977, in which I surveyed the damage done to the parable of the unjust steward in Luke 16:6 by translators who described the story's protagonist as a "devious employee." I had been moved to write by hearing this odious distortion read aloud at Mass the day before and by finding that it was indeed the translation of the Lectionary which enjoys a quasi-monopoly in liturgical reading in Catholic churches.

As a result of the article, I have received a quantity of mail from readers throughout the country, laymen and priests, college professors and college presidents, monks and abbots, liberals and conservatives, from the current Kress Professor of Art at the National Gallery to the editor of *National Review*. All of it has been in agreement with the theme of my critique. Never has any article I have authored received such a prompt, wide, and enthusiastic response. If this correspondence is representative, there is a broad consensus of educated Catholics that the Lectionary will not do.

I write in response to such encouragement. The issue, while it is of central religious importance, reaches beyond the confines of Catholicism. The problem of awkward, inappropriate, bad translation is also a problem faced by the Episcopal Church with its new Book of Common Prayer. The Mass readings and the Book of Common Prayer are part of the literary and moral heritage of all English-speaking people. When they are cheapened and distorted, their images and metaphors destroyed, their resonant phrases and distinctive vocabulary reduced to newspeak, the entire culture is injured and impoverished. Any protest is for all of us.

The Lectionary translation is taken from the *New American Bible*, a production of the Catholic Biblical Association in 1970. Protest is useless if it is directed at the New American Bible as such. It exists. It is a fact. Much of the work done on it is of permanent value. What can rationally and effectively be objected to are the uses to which the New American Bible is put. Let it remain for scholars to delve into and discover diamonds in its dust, but let it not be used in liturgy. Let it be banished from the Lectionary.

What it means for a congregation to hear the Lectionary as it now stands incorporating the New American Bible may be illustrated as follows. In Luke 18:1. Jesus "spoke to them a parable in order that they must always pray and not lose heart." Jesus goes on to tell the story of the judge who did not fear God nor respect man, but who finally granted the petition of a widow who pursued him with her plea. The widow has always been seen as the prototype of a petitioner persistent in prayer. That is the point of the parable; but the Lectionary has changed all that. In the Lectionary's version, she has turned dangerous. The judge grants her petition "lest she end by doing me violence."

It is true that there are difficulties in translating the phrase "hina me eis telos erchomene hypopiaze me," and the conventional "lest she finally wear me out with her coming" does less than justice to the thought. The difficulties arise from Luke's combination of *erchomene* (coming) with *hypopiaze* (strike under the eye). The sense is that the widow's persistence will bring shame to the judge. As the great scholar on Judaism and the New Testament, David Daube, has observed, a blow

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on the face was the orthodox mode of shaming insult among Jews, Greeks and Romans. What the judge fears from the widow is the equivalent of a blow on the face. St. Jerome has *sugillare*—"insult." In idiomatic English, the judge acts "lest her coming finally give me a black eye." When the judge fears a black eye, he fears a blackened reputation not a punch changing the color of the iris. The sense of the parable is diminished if not destroyed when the widow is made into a violent youth, a Molly Maguire or an unreconstructed Panther. The theme of the parable is transformed from the power of patient prayer to the success of mau-mauing an official.

This new anecdote enlivened the Twenty-Ninth Sunday in Ordinary Time. The following Sunday the Lectionary made a gaffe due, apparently, to the translators' simple ignorance of English. The Gospel was Luke 18:9-14, the famous story of the Pharisee and the publican praying in the temple. It is introduced with these words, "But to some who trusted in themselves as righteous and despised others, he spoke this parable." The Lectionary has rendered "trusted in themselves as righteous" as "those who believed in their own self-righteousness." In ordinary English usage "self-righteous" is a term of criticism, of scorn. Those who are confident in their own goodness are seen by their judges as mean, intolerant, self-righteous. But the person who is so judged is not conscious of his meanness and intolerance. From his own point of view, he is righteous, not self-righteous. He trusts, therefore, in his righteousness. If he trusted in his self-righteousness, he would be a remarkably self-critical hypocrite. No one before the makers of this translation had supposed that self-critical hypocrites made up Jesus's audience.

It should not be supposed that the *Epistles* are any easier for these translators to manage. Doing over the parable of the steward, they showed a curious uneasiness about calling him "unjust." The same morbid hesitancy appears in their translation 2 Thessalonians 3:2 for the Thirty-Second Sunday. Here the brethren are asked to pray "hina rusthomen apo ton atopen kai poneron anthropon"—"in order that we may be saved from wicked and malicious men." The Lectionary has the prayer to be saved from "confused and evil men." There is no warrant for substituting "confused" for "wicked." The Greek word is used as a substantive in Luke 23:41, apropos of Jesus on the cross: "this man has done nothing wrong (*atopon*)"—not "this man has done nothing confused."

Charitably, we can suppose that the translators made the change out of their mistaken belief that repetition is not an important element of style, their sportswriter's view of how English prose is constructed. But such stylistic misconceptions are scarcely an excuse for turning "the wicked" into "the confused." The author of *Thessalonians* did not share the translators' sense of moral ambiguity. The author of *Thessalonians* might even have been inclined to call those who misinterpreted his language not confused, but something worse.

The kind of mistakes mentioned so far—the devious employee, the mau-mauing widow, the self-aware hypocrites, the confused men to be shunned—all seem to represent a combination of two vices in the translators: an attenuated moral sense and an insensitivity to English usage and English prose. In a basically friendly review of the New American Bible which appeared in 1971 in the Catholic Biblical Association's own journal, *The Catholic Biblical Quarterly*, reference was made to "the omnipresent redactor(s)," to "the politics that inevitably enter into a committee-executed publication," and to the maxim "too many editors spoil the copy." The problem of translation by committee is exacerbated if, as appears to be the case, the chief redactors were notably insensitive to the traditions of their community and the refinements of their mother tongue. None of these botches quite prepared the listener for the rendition of Luke 2:1-14, the Gospel read at Midnight Mass on Christmas. I quote verbatim:

"While they were there the days of her confinement were completed. She gave birth to her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothe s and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the place where travellers lodge."

The artful simplicity of Luke at this point would seem proof against all but the most hardened will to mar and deface. One shrinks from attributing such malice to men of such patent good intentions as the translators. But what have they done? They have done away with the opening "Egeneto de"—"And it came to pass." The clear and solemn note struck by Luke in his introduction, the storyteller's portentous pause has been eliminated as surplusage. They have taken the phrase "en toi einai autous ekei eplesthesan hai hemera tou tekein auten"—"while they were there the days for her to give birth were completed"—and substituted "confinement" for "to give birth." They have replaced an exact, concrete, and common phrase and an active verb by an abstract, colorless and about obsolete noun, whose connotations of restraint and passivity clash hideously with the tone of the passage. Climactically, they have rendered the single word "katalymati" as "the place where travellers lodge."

I cite three translations chosen almost at random: The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of 1941 has "inn." The American by Goodspeed of 1948 has "inn." The Jerusalem of 1966 has "inn." An inn is the word for *katalymati* in the Arndt-Gingrich lexicon of New Testament Greek, as well as the word for *katalymati* in the old Liddell-Scott dictionary of Greek.

There is, however, a problem which presented the opportunity for these translators. It is not that elsewhere, at 22:11, Luke uses *katalyma* in a different

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sense to mean "room" or "dining room" where the Lord was to celebrate the Passover; that a word have multiple meanings and that context should specify the meaning is not a problem. Nor is the problem that at 10:35, Luke uses *pandocheion* to specify the kind of inn to which the Good Samaritan took the man beset by robbers; surely any author is permitted to employ synonyms. The problem is that *katalyma* in Luke may designate not a commercial hostelry but a communal hospice. There is evidence independent of the Gospels for its use to designate a charitable hospice. If a hospice is meant here, "inn" is inexact in connoting something more businesslike.

The choice between "inn" and "hospice," however, is not certain. The Jews had inns, as the Good Samaritan's payment to the innkeeper makes clear; they are referred to as early as Jeremias 9:11. St. Jerome, who was a good deal closer to the village economy of the Near East than we are, used *diversorium*, a word meaning "inn": he saw no nuance in *katalyma*. Where the tradition of translation is so strong, it is arbitrary to reject it.

In any event however the problem is solved, there is no reason to give us five words where Luke had one. Writers of Greek did not stammer five words because they lacked a concept of inn or hospice. The Greeks even here, for this common feature of village life, had a word for it. As far as I know from a rapid survey, these translators are original in providing this awkward paraphrase.

"No room at the inn"—the expression has become proverbial. Did these original translators hope to shake us from our lethargic acceptance of a phrase rooted in our tradition by making it awkward if not ridiculous—"No room at the place where travellers lodge"? Did these translators resent the reproach the true original so pungently conveys and desire to rid us of regret by giving us a stuttered substitution that destroys the compact and brilliant thrust of Luke? Or somewhere in their minds attuned to the English of the sports pages and television commercials was there an echo of a billboard they must have seen outside some American city? Did a figure of a touseled bear in a nightcap swim before them with his promise of a "Good Night's Rest"? Did they think in their deepest subconscious that the greatest deprivation of all would be to be denied a room at a snug and ubiquitous hostelry and did they consciously, so far as in their power lay, construct a phrase which with irresistible comic genius recalls the motels of America? The last interpretation is surely a slander of an important American company: under the circumstances TraveLodge, if filled, would have at least partitioned off the lobby for the weary guests from Nazareth.

SHIFT TO THE RIGHT

BRIAN WICKER

The controversy in Britain over Marxist teaching

Most people agree that in Britain, as elsewhere, there has been a general shift to the right politically in the last year or two. It is doubtless one of the results of the recession. (So much for the theory that widespread economic hardships breed radicalism.) Certainly the relative apathy (the Right would call it the stability) of the student body in Britain just now is a product of the cold economic climate. Students want to wrap themselves up in useful qualifications to keep warm, rather than risk catching cold in the draughts of radicalism which were so marked a feature of the sunnier sixties.

Two examples of this general trend are striking. The first is a campaign (some have called it a witch-hunt) against Marxist influences and Marxist teachers in universities and colleges; the second is the current anti-immigrant line being taken by the Conservative Party. Neither campaign would have got very far ten years ago; today they are both quite popular causes. One offshoot of the latter campaign may be of special interest. This is a controversy over whether the new Cardinal of Westminster, Basil Hume, listens only to left-wing advice when deciding on Catholic Church policy. This controversy has illustrated very interestingly that the one major national institution which has gone against the trend, and seems to be moving leftwards if anything, is the Catholic Church.

For practical purposes, the current controversy over Marxist teaching began when an accusation was made by the head of the Sociology Department of the North London Polytechnic that some of the courses of the Open University in the general area of sociology were "biased" in favor of Marxism. (The Open University

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seems to have been singled out partly because, as an institution which works by textbooks, correspondence courses and TV/Radio programs, it is peculiarly public and open to inspection by anyone who cares to buy the books or tune in to the lectures.) Following this, wider accusations of "bias" at the universities and polytechnics generally were made by Professor Julius Gould, sociology professor at Nottingham University, in a report called "The Attack on Higher Education: Marxist and Radical Penetration," and published by the Institute for the Study of Conflict.

I do not have space to describe in detail the exact nature of the accusations that have been made. For American readers, a good account of the state of the controversy up to the end of 1977 is to be found in the December 21st issue of *Science*, in an article by Nigel Hawkes. The general line of attack has been that a small number of determined Marxists in universities and, more particularly in polytechnics, have been able to influence students unfairly by not treating their subjects impartially. That is to say, they are alleged to have failed to keep to the accepted rules of academic neutrality whereby, for example, opinions other than one's own are given a fair hearing even if they are not agreed with. The "infection" of Marxist ideas is also alleged to have spilled over from educational institutions into the marketplace. Publishers like Penguin Books, Routledge and Kegan Paul, Macmillans and Heinemann are criticized for producing a flood of Marxist books in accordance with the demand created by this Marxising of sociology itself. (This seems an odd criticism to come from anyone with leanings towards the idea of a market economy: but then some of the tendencies of the anti-Marxist camp are decidedly "interventionist" in economic terms.)

Naturally, there is a conspiracy theory behind the general indictment. The Marxist intellectuals form a network for mutual support, and are skillful at exploiting the ambivalence of administrators and colleagues. As Julius Gould puts it, "There is nothing undemocratic —let alone McCarthyite—in insisting that such ambivalence is neither honorable nor necessary." But the trouble, it seems to me, is that the liberal academic or administrator's ambivalence is built into his very liberalism. That is just its strength—and its weakness.

We have seen all over the world in recent years how fragile is the liberal idea of culture: it depends not upon any strong positive theory, but precisely upon notions like "honor." As soon as people such as hijackers seriously begin to break the rules of the liberal game, by refusing to accept the notions of "fairness," "honor" or what Orwell called "decency" in academic or public life, then the liberal pluralist idea is practically doomed. For it is built on the fragile foundation of an inarticulable consensus about how decent people behave; when the consensus goes, the whole structure goes with it. Perhaps it is right, then, for the liberal academic to insist that people should keep to the rules or get out: but how can he square the idea of pushing them out with his liberalism, i.e. with his proclaimed tolerance of free speech within a free marketplace of ideas? That is the age-old dilemma that the current controversy raises.

There is no doubt that there has been a certain amount of intellectual hijacking in the educational institutions of Britain in recent years. But very little if any of it seems to me to have been instigated, though some of it may have been tacitly supported, by Marxists on the staffs. For example, I have not seen any evidence of Marxist staff members instigating efforts to prevent right-wing speakers from airing their views on university campuses. Such efforts have come, as far as I can see, from students, or even people from outside the universities altogether. On the whole, the Marxists on university staffs have done no more than proclaim their right to pursue legitimate and serious study using the tools of Marxist analysis. As Stuart Hall, Director of the Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies at Birmingham, says in his latest report, "We take our stand on the merits, the quality of our work . . . we recognize no other criteria however motivated. We insist that there *must* be a space for work of this kind . . . and we are determined to defend and enlarge that space." (This Centre has been one of the academic institutions most directly in the firing line.)

But in any case the attack on Marxism in the universities has not been only along liberal pluralist lines. If the Marxists are accused of being a conspiratorial network, at least as much can be said of their opponents. Professor Gould's critique of Marxist penetration of universities may have been undertaken out of a belief in the value of the pluralistic, liberal academic life: but the Institute which published it has some interesting connections.

The Institute for the Study of Conflict (I.S.C.) is not the innocuous liberal outfit its title might suggest. Its Director, Brian Crozier, created it out of the remains of Forum World Features (closed down in 1975): a news service which was itself an offshoot of the magazine *Encounter*, which—as everyone now knows—was the focus of the activities in Britain of the Congress for Cultural Freedom: a "front" for the Central Intelligence Agency. The ISC is partly funded by the Shell and Ford foundations, and its council members include prominent counter-insurgency and intelligence specialists, such as Sir Robert Thompson and Vice-Admiral Sir Louis le Bailly. It has been able to "penetrate" the police, through the commandant of Bramshill Police College, and the military (at the Royal Military College and the Staff College).

The ISC has a close link to a right-wing political group called the National Association for Freedom,

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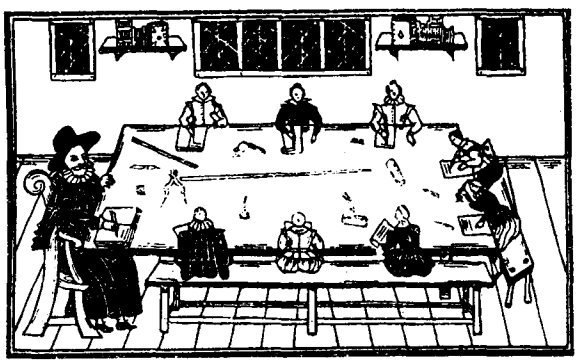
since Brian Crozier and Robert Thompson are on the latter's council. The NAFF was the body which helped the managing director of the Grunwick film-processing plant resist all attempts to allow the trade union ACAS to form a branch at the factory, despite the findings of a lengthy inquiry into the case. The director of the NAFF is Robert Moss, a speech-writer for Conservative Party leader Margaret Thatcher. Rhodes Boyson, a notable enemy of the movement for comprehensive schools, and an enthusiastic supporter of the "Black Papers" on Education, is also a prominent NAFF member. Not surprisingly, perhaps, the ISC is popular with big business, and was one of the bodies which the Confederation of British Industry urged members to support financially during the miners' strike which brought down the Heath government in 1972. (The Washington Institute for the Study of Conflict is an offshoot of the parent body.)

These facts, which I take from a research paper of the watchdog organization State Research (October



1977) suggest that the campaign against Marxists in the universities is not just a "liberal" plea for academics to be impartial: it is part of a concerted effort to counter what a closely-knit right-wing group of individuals regard as "subversion." I am not of course suggesting that all those involved in the anti-Marxist campaign are really counter-insurgency spies in disguise: merely that the people behind the apparently "liberal" front-line of the campaign are men of a different and basically cold-warrior stamp. Again, I see no reason, in a democratic society, to complain of the existence of such a right-wing grouping—as long as it is possible to ascertain from public sources who they are and what they are doing. But the origins of ISC in the secret activities of the CIA through *Encounter,* and the connections that exist, or have existed, between this group and those who demand more censorship (for example the anti-pornography lobby linked to the late Norris McWhirter) make one suspicious about the extent to which these public sources would remain public if the group had its way.

Of course, the nub of the issue is the notion of "bias." The Marxists (and not only they) hold that the concept of liberal "impartiality" is a chimera. Better honestly say what you think than pretend to be "neutral" when you can't. Doubtless this is a valid theoretical point. But it is rather different from the attempts that have been made, sometimes starting from this initial premise, to prevent speakers like Enoch Powell from talking to university students at all. The fact that the strong-arm tactics that have been used to get such bans enforced have usually backfired is not the point. The point is that there is a difference between a theoretically unatttainable "impartiality" and a quite attainable degree of tolerance for unpopular opinions.

Yet a more substantial point has to be made as well. This is that, in the case of sociological work, particularly of the sort undertaken by the Birmingham Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies, there is really no source other than Marxism for the intellectual and analytical tools you need for the job. British liberalism has never shown much interest in trying to explain why cultural phenomena, from George Eliot's novels to the fashions adopted by "Mods" and "Rockers," are as they are, or even in trying to describe them usefully. Implicitly they have been treated as inexplicable visitations, of something called "genius" on the one hand, or of "deviance" on the other. Only Marxists have tried to give a more rigorous kind of explanation than this. Hence the predominance of Marxist categories (and alas of much unnecessary ugly Marxist-inspired jargon) in the work of groups trying to develop the necessary explanatory concepts. As long as the liberals fail to come up with equally impressive but different sets of intellectual tools, they can hardly complain if the Marxists set the pattern. The point was neatly made by James Thrower, in a letter to the *Times* from the Religious Studies Department of Aberdeen University, on hearing the news of an inquiry set up in the Open University into the alleged Marxist bias in sociology courses: Would Prof. Gould and his friends support "a similar inquiry into the possible bias towards the Christian religion in many, if not all, faculties of divinity or theology?"

Mrs. Thatcher's recent decision to make "Stop Immigration" a main plank of her election platform has doubtless been well publicized in America. Whether this decision was just astute political tactics or based on genuine conviction is unclear: but to quote Gould, "There is nothing undemocratic in insisting that such ambivalence is neither honorable nor necessary." That it has alarmed the immigrant community is as obvious as that it has boosted the working-class Tory vote. It has also given heart to the National Front—who this very night, as I write, are making final preparations for a big rally tomorrow in the center of Birmingham. (Local traders, who have been forced to protect their shops at great expense in case of riots, are as annoyed about it as the thousands of policemen who will

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have to be there instead of attending more interesting kinds of fighting on the football fields.)

To me the interesting byproduct of this whole right-wing anti-immigrant lurch is that it has helped to convince the Catholic bishops, especially Cardinal Hume, that it is time to get off the political fence and do something. In January an article appeared in the *Times* by the political columnist Ronald Butt which attacked the Catholic National Commission for Racial Justice for its rebuke to Judge Mackinnon, who had earlier made himself very unpopular with the immigrant community by wishing a notorious racist well in court. While it was perhaps politically unwise to pick on the issue of Judge Mackinnon (the removal of a judge on political grounds would be a dangerous precedent—though to be fair, the Commission members did not go this far), it was far more unwise for Butt to insinuate in the course of his attack on the Commission, that Cardinal Hume is largely influenced personally by left-wing views. For the Cardinal is very evidently his own man, who is devising his own style. (He has certainly not been influenced by what may be fairly called the "left wing" views of Fr. Adrian Hastings on the question of promoting inter-communion with the Anglicans now.)

The Cardinal's activities are nevertheless very interesting. He made a very important departure in his unprecedented speech to the Church of England Synod, by singling out as urgent contemporary issues, not the usual "Catholic" ones (abortion, freedom of worship for Catholics etc.) but race relations and disarmament. This may not sound much like a lurch to the left, more like a discovery of something everybody else has known for a long time. But in Catholic and political terms it does mean something. And in wider church terms it means a lot: for it is well realized that, in Britain, once the Catholic community gets a bit between its teeth, it is liable to make the running for everyone else in the Christian sphere (this has happened with liturgical reform and with ecumenism).

No wonder, then, that the Catholic rearguard are worried, and try to explain this remarkable development by another kind of conspiracy theory: the Cardinal only listens to the left. Hence too, the plea by Mr. Norman St. John Stevas, that the Cardinal should meet and discuss it all with the Catholic MPs, on the ground that they are "the one body of Catholics who are actually elected." (The fact that, thank God, they are elected for their party loyalties, not their religious ones, has not apparently been noticed. Catholic MPs are no more representative of Catholic opinion as such than the non-elected Commission members.)

The current right-wing trends in the state, and left-wing ones in the Church will doubtless continue for some time. This dispatch, then, must be considered not as the last word but something of an interim report.

LOGIC AND LOLLIPOPS

DENNIS O'BRIEN

Do the professional philosophers offer stones, bread, or Twinkies?

In a recent *New York Times* Op-Ed piece entitled "The Lollipopping of the West," George Steiner notes with proper wit and dismay the expanding taste for spiritual junk food in America. Astrologers and pop-gurus appear to have pre-empted the market place of ideas from traditional prophets and wise men. Steiner suggests that the flight to french-fried philosophy is due in part to the current state of the high culture which has deserted the people. Esoteric poetry, minimalist art and technical philosophy simply cannot or, perversely, will not meet the great and common spiritual needs of mankind. As *Commonweal* noted in its Christmas editorial, Steiner believes that it may be time to reappraise traditional religion in a favorable light.

DENNIS O'BRIEN *is the President of Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.*

Not everyone accepts Steiner's diagnosis or suggested cure for the obvious disease. Judith Economos, for one, answered back on behalf of professional philosophy in the *Times* letter column.

> Mr. Steiner accuses philosophy of giving people stones, who hunger for bread. But I answer that philosophy offers people bread and they want Twinkies. Philosophy has not retreated from any problems. Rather, it has seen that they are harder problems than once was hoped and require harder thinking . . . the easy solutions have been tried; they don't hold up. The present is left with the less attractive, dryer, more complicated answers. . . . For many people, morever, the rewards are too austere; no promises of gratification, revelation, certainty or solace can honestly be made.

It was with this exchange in mind that I betook myself

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to the annual convention of the American Philosophical Association during the Christmas holidays. Do the professional philosophers offer stones, bread or (maybe) erudite Twinkies to the spiritually famished?

The first impression of any philosophical convention is slightly surrealistic. Philosophers more or less look like philosophers. A fashion reporter might refer to it as "the donish style": rumpled, tweedy, maybe a tie, a bit beardy, horn-rims and steel rims. It is definitely *not* a meeting of university presidents in Brooks Brothers blue and wing glasses. Planting these spiritual sons of Balliol in the foyers of the Park Sheraton in Washington can only precipitate ironies. "Kant, Husserl and the Non-Empirical Ego" among the shades of such noteworthy former residents of the Park Sheraton as Perle Mesta and Spiro Agnew is a trifle unnerving. Aquinas's theory of beauty of *apprehensio ipsa placet* in the Cotillion Room was followed in the same hall by the Magnolia Debutante Ball of 1977. To top it off, since philosophers are few and the hotel's rooms are many, some farcical Fate booked the Miss United Teenage beauty contest for the same period. One spied a Sterling Professor of Metaphysics next to a 17-year-old blond with coronet and sash. What exactly would Kant or Husserl say to Miss North Dakota?

Steiner suggests that philosophy has become too remote, Professor Economos that it has become too difficult for Miss United Teenager. Both writers seem to assume that there was an age when philosophy was accessible spiritual food for the masses. When could that have been? One should not be deceived by the vivid social setting of Plato's dialogues into believing that once-upon-a-time the philosopher commanded wide public attention. Socrates hung out with a rather refined crowd—too refined in some respects. He did manage to stir up enough enmity to get the hemlock, but that was surely not due to his philosophical teaching, but to his unfortunate association with Alcibiades who proved such a spectacular traitor to Athenian democracy.

Philosophers since Socrates have fallen under the ban of official opinion, but whether it was Thomas Aquinas battling with the Bishop of Paris, or Bertrand Russell battling the courts of New York, the intellectual content of these quarrels has rarely emerged in the public domain. The normal fate of philosophic labor is expressed by David Hume, who bemoaned the fact that his *Treatise of Human Nature* fell "stillborn from the press," failing even to attract the enmity of the "zealots."

Nor is Economos correct in suggesting that philosophy has become that much harder. True, Heidegger can be monumentally opaque, but then there is Plato's *Parmenides*. Modern philosophy can be highly technical, but in some respects the techniques of modern logic make that study more perspicuous than Aristotle's *Analytics*.

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There is an equally persuasive scenario that contemporary philosophy has become—for philosophy—rather easier to comprehend. Beginning with the revolt against the immensely learned and technical philosophy of the medieval scholastics, there have been repeated attempts to make philosophy more scientific, more comprehensible. more practical, more in conformity with immediate experience or ordinary language. Descartes is generally regarded as the founder of "modern" philosophy, and the effort of his *Meditations* is in the direction of simplicity. Unlike the medievals who demand a vast acquaintance with ancient philosophy, the Bible and the Fathers, Descartes stakes no scholarly claims, preferring to speak directly to the reader through an invitation to meditate on some rather obvious data about human error. When a contemporary anti-Cartesian, John Austin, counseled his pupils to read through a moderate-sized English dictionary as a preliminary to good philosophy, he was making less of a demand, it would appear, than his Oxford predecessor, William of Ockham, or than would be made in an elementary social science course which required mastery of Fortran. It is hard to believe, in short, that contemporary philosophy is more foreign to "the masses" than the work of Aristotle or Hegel.

Had Miss Dakota (North or South) taken a wrong turn and ended up with the philosophers instead of at the contest, would she have understood what was going on? Probably not. (You win Miss United Teenager by 50 percent beauty, 25 percent poise, 25 percent intelligence—but it does not specify philosophic intelligence.) What makes philosophy so difficult to comprehend?

Some of the problems are real. Mathematical logic is a highly technical field which philosophers who do not specialize in the area have difficulty comprehending. Over a period of time, philosophers have developed specialized vocabularies that require decoding for the uninitiate. What struck me, however, in attending the sessions was how quickly one could decipher even the most impenetrable jargon (Sartre on the transcendence of the ego) in terms that are not at all remote from common experience. As an undergraduate teacher charged every fall and spring with saying something intelligible to Miss North Dakota and her peers, I find the relative ease with which philosophical technicalities can be unpacked consoling. Nevertheless, there is something fundamental about the difficulty of philosophy and the charge that in its modern form it is peculiarly remote from public needs.

The very existence of the American Philosophical Association is a sign of the difference between contemporary philosophy and the historical tradition of philosophy. If George Steiner worries about the fact that contemporary public wisdom seems to be dispensed by amateurs and nuts rather than professionals, it is worth recollecting that the majority of the greatest philosophers of the past were "amateurs." Bacon, Descartes and

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Hobbes were not professors. Leibniz was a librarian, Spinoza a lens-grinder, Locke a private secretary. Many past philosophers were clerics from Aquinas to Berkeley. Kant is really the first *professor* of philosophy, not only in virtue of academic appointment, but in virtue of his view of philosophy as a special profession not as part of a general world of letters. The establishment of a professoriate of philosophers brings with it not only some upgrading of technique, but also insularity as the *separate* profession creates its own special languages, journals and professional meetings. As recently as the middle of the nineteenth century, much of John Stuart Mill's most important work was published in the general literary reviews and only with the foundation of *Mind* in 1876 could philosophers indulge in private languages.

Whatever precision and professional polish has been gained for philosophy from its spawning of a professoriate, it is probably a decided loss both to philosophy and the larger world that philosophers are no longer immersed in the general culture of letters or employed as literary secretaries to statesmen. The most depressing aspect of the APA meeting was the desperate search for academic appointment by the young Ph.D's. There just is no place for more philosophy *professors*, but if one could return to early custom, there is plenty of need for philosophers. The APA ran a special bureau in Washington to advise philosophy Ph.D's on non-academic careers, but the problem lies on the side of the employer, I fear. I remember making some tentative inquiries myself with a White House staffer during the Kennedy administration. After an hour of pleasant conversation he concluded: "I'm sure there is a place for a philosopher in the Kennedy administration, but I can't think where!"

The sociology of the profession aside, however, there is a deep reason for the difficulty of philosophy for Miss North Dakota that needs to be touched on in any just account. Wittgenstein places the difficulty of philosophy properly when he says. "Our problems are not abstract but perhaps the most concrete that there are." Technically, Steiner or any critic would be wrong both about traditional and modern philosophy to characterize it as too abstract, too distant, too remote from human needs or experience. The difficulty with philosophy is that it deals with subjects so *close* to us that we lack perspective. Whether it is Plato searching for the Forms which we already know implicitly, Wittgenstein trying to get a view of the everyday grammar of language, or Sartre trying to glimpse the very self that is investigating itself, it is precisely because the philosophers' problem is *not* abstract—out there, at-a-distance—that we have such a hard time getting a clear view of it.

Perhaps it was appropriate to have the bathing beauties and the logicians chic by vowel. Philosophy is to the common view of life as a lover is to a spectator at a beauty contest. At the beauty contest the intriguing reality is at-a-distance, I can comprehend it, place it, encompass it, take it or leave it. Ah, but to fall for Miss North Dakota! Now I am into it—literally, I am no longer a mere spectator but part of the problem. To understand my love for Miss Dakota, not just to ogle her on the ramp, I must understand myself and that problem "is not abstract but perhaps the most concrete there is." Philosophy has been and is difficult not because it flies to abstract regions, but because of the general human flight from what is concrete—from our own deepest intimacies of knowledge, action and feeling.

BOMBS, SPIES & LOCH NESS

PRESS

The mills of the press may grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine. If you've got a capacious memory, and a fulltime file-keeper, you can sometimes put the pieces together and figure out what happened. More often stories simply get lost. Even the biggest papers have only so many reporters, and their editors, like the rest of us, find more grist for conversation in what happened yesterday than last year. But all the same, once my imagination has been aroused I find myself wanting to know what happened, and hoping some editor will assign a reporter to find out. Here are seven stories which raise questions deserving an answer.

Was H.R. Haldeman right when he said the Soviet Union was planning a preemptive nuclear strike on China back in 1969?

Just about everybody immediately denied Haldeman's claim—former U.S. Secretaries of State William P. Rogers and Henry Kissinger, and of course Russia itself, which called the story "a lie from beginning to end." Haldeman's account, contained in his Watergate memoir, *The Ends of Power*, is spongy with improbabilities. Would the Soviets really "stack" their warheads in plain view near the border? Just how did they "ask" the United States to join or acquiesce in the plan? *Whom* did they ask? It's clear that Haldeman doesn't know the details, even if he's basically right.

But even so I suspect there's something in it. For one thing, it's clear that Moscow at least threatened China with an attack. Back in March, 1969, at the time of the first military skirmishes between Russian and Chinese soldiers along the Amur and Ussuri rivers, Moscow openly warned China it was not a "paper tiger with false teeth," citing its nuclear arms. In Aug-

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ust rumors came back from Eastern European political circles that Russia was quietly asking what their reaction would be to a preemptive strike on the Chinese testing facilities at Lop Nor in Sinkiang province. On August 29 *Pravda* warned that a Russo-Chinese war would "inevitably" involve nuclear weapons. On September 18 the Russian correspondent of the London *Evening News,* Victor Louis, hinted that a Chinese underground party might "invite" intervention by Russia, and that an attack on Lop Nor was nothing more than "a question of strategy."

When the Russians and Chinese began serious talks later that fall it was generally concluded the Russian threats had only been a war of nerves to get Peking to the conference table. Maybe so, but that only suggests that the Chinese, at least, took them seriously. The question here is what the Russians intended to do if the Chinese resisted pressure for talks?

The sole reference I've found to a Russian overture to the U.S. is in John Barron's book, KGB, which he wrote with a good deal of help from the CIA. Barron claims that in early August, 1969, a Russian embassy official believed to be a KGB officer named Boris Davidov asked an American expert on Sino-Soviet affairs with government connections what Washington's response would be to a Russian strike. Barron says Nixon decided to give no answer to the question, but it is known that Richard Helms quietly briefed reporters on the danger a few weeks later, and I have been told he was instructed to do so by Kissinger.

The CIA at that time believed the reports of Russian inquiries about Warsaw Pact reaction to a strike, and these, along with other evidence of a Soviet buildup along the border, convinced General Daniel O. Graham and two other analysts on the CIA's Board of National Estimates that war was a very real possibility. According to Roger Morris in his book about Kissinger's foreign policy, *Uncertain Greatness,* Kissinger ordered a special study of the Sino-Soviet conflict in July, 1969, but was so dissatisfied with what he got in November that early in 1970 he "commissioned, in secret from the rest of the government, his own NSC staff study of contingency plans for a Sino-Soviet war, including the use of nuclear weapons."

One final clue. Part of Haldeman's account was confirmed when Gen. George J. Keegan Jr., an intelligence officer in Hawaii in 1969, said that he had, indeed, sent a message in the clear to Washington predicting a huge number of deaths from fallout in Siberia, China and Japan if the Russians should strike.

This is not a story which should be allowed to disappear.

Did the CIA inadvertently set up Anatoly Scharansky?

Until his arrest by the KGB last March Scharansky was a leading Jewish dissident in the Soviet Union and one of a small group gathering information on the Russian failure to comply with the human rights agreement signed at Helsinki. At the time of his arrest Moscow charged he was working for the CIA. In June, 1977, President Carter flatly denied it. Now it seems Scharansky is about to go to trial and officials in Washington have quietly conceded that a former roommate of Scharansky's, Dr. Sanya L. Lipavsky, was a CIA agent for a time in 1975.

The story at the moment is that Lipavsky was a "walk-in"—intelligence jargon for someone who offers his services as a spy pretty much out of the blue. The best intelligence agents, I am told, are the ones you recruit yourself, but that is a problematic business, especially where the Soviet Union is concerned. Most of the agents recruited are walk-ins, but they present special problems, since the odds are always pretty good that a walk-in is a provocation, someone whose purpose is either to discredit or to penetrate the service to which he volunteers his help. CIA counterintelligence specialists were apparently suspicious of Lipavsky from the first, but the CIA was hungry for information about the Soviet scientific community and apparently decided to use him anyway. Within a year the CIA dropped him as a dry hole, but by that time the damage had already been done: the KGB had established a connection between the CIA and dissident circles, and was in a position to discredit the latter as a foreign plot.

Something tells me we may be hearing a lot more about this. For one thing, the Russians have been masters of provocation since the time of the Czars. For another, the Russian dissident movement represents an almost irresistible temptation for the CIA. The security services of the Soviet state are extremely efficient; penetrating it with spies is an all but insuperable task. Then a whole movement appears hostile to the government and seeded throughout Soviet society, including generals, scientists and political leaders from oppressed national minorities. A perfect tool for espionage. It would take great self-discipline to leave such a group alone. On top of that, we are in genuine sympathy with the dissidents and they need help, especially in communicating with the outside world. But in the present climate, who would believe CIA protestations of innocence if it should turn out they have been helping to smuggle manuscripts out of Russia, or books in?

Where did Israel get the plutonium for its bomb?

This is a story which has been slowly percolating for nearly a year. Despite frequent Israeli denials it would be the first to introduce nuclear weapons in the Middle East, it is now generally accepted that Israel does, in fact, have such weapons. The plutonium for the bombs was presumably manufactured at the Israeli reactor in Dimona built with French help in 1963. But where did the raw materials come from?

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Israel claims to have purchased its uranium on the open market, just like all other countries with plutonium-producing reactors. But if Israel wanted to protect the existence of its bomb from potential international investigators it would need untraceable uranium which showed up in no official records. According to published accounts such untraceable uranium could have come from two sources, a freighter which disappeared with 200 tons of uranium ore in the Mediterranean in November, 1968, and diversions of enriched uranium from a plant in Apollo, Pa., in 1965. Published stories indicate that President Johnson told Richard Helms not to investigate the alleged diversions in 1966, and later, in 1968, told him to keep the CIA's estimate that Israel had nuclear weapons secret even from Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara.

This is not an easy story to break, but it says a lot about the warmindedness of the world's leaders, aggressive and untiring in their pursuit of "security," and it's worth investigating.

Who killed David Holden?

On December 7 last year the chief correspondent of the London *Sunday Times* was found dead near the Cairo airport, although his body was not identified until three days later. Holden, something of an expert on the Arab world, had just arrived from Amman, Jordan. Ten days after his murder unofficial reports said the Egyptian police had arrested three young Arabs, never identified, in connection with the killing. On December 18 the London *Sunday Times* said it had learned that Holden's killers were Palestinian terrorists who shared Holden's plane from Amman to Cairo, where the Palestinians were planning some sort of action to disrupt Israeli-Egyptian peace talks. Holden recognized one of the Palestinians and they killed him to keep his mouth shut.

And that, so far, is that. But Holden was a distinguished reporter. If Palestinians murdered Seymour Hersh, say, we would expect more than a couple of paragraphs on page 92, and Holden deserves better than he has received. I'd like to know if the Egyptians caught the men who did it, who they were, and what's going to be done with them?

Who is Michael Vernon Townley?

Back in July, 1976, the government of Chile provided two men—Juan Williams Rose and Alejandro Romeral Jara—with official documents so they could travel to the United States. Two months later a Chilean opponent of the military regime of Gen. Augusto Pinochet, Orlando Letelier, was killed when his car blew up in Washington. In February of this year the State Department officially asked the Chilean government to produce the two men for questioning in connection with Letelier's murder.

At first the Chileans said they knew nothing of the two men, then they promised an official investigation, and finally the Chilean newspaper *El Mercurio* identified Rose as an American citizen named Michael Vernon Townley, a shadowy figure connected with the right wing group *Patria y Libertad* which had agitated for the ouster of Salvador Allende before Pinochet's coup in September, 1973. A lot of *Patria y Libertad* members were recruited by Chile's secret police, DINA (recently renamed the National Information Center), and Rose was apparently one of them. According to news stories Townley was investigated by the Senate Intelligence Committee in 1975 as a possible agent of the CIA.

A couple of years ago the Washington *Post* published a story of an American working with DINA, and it occurs to me it may be the same man. A few days after the coup in 1973 a young American filmmaker named Charles Horman was murdered in Santiago. His family launched an investigation, but although it eventually prodded the U.S. Government into reluctant action, Horman's murder was never officially cleared up and his family remained convinced that the CIA was somehow involved.

Then, on June 9, 1976, Joanne Omang of the *Post*, obtained an interview with a former Chilean intelligence official, Rafael A. Gonzalez Verdugo, who had been granted asylum in the Italian embassy in Santiago. Gonzalez told Omang that he had been present when Gen. Augusto Lutz ordered a second intelligence official to kill Horman because he knew too much. Also in the room, according to Gonzalez, was a third man dressed in American-style clothes whom Gonzalez assumed was an American intelligence agent. Could this have been Michael Vernon Townley?

Where will Philip Agee's odyssey end?

CIA officers say no member of the Agency has ever defected, except one—Philip Agee. They may be mad at Victor Marchetti, Frank Snepp and Joseph Burckholder Smith for spilling unauthorized beans, but the man they really hate is Philip Agee, who dredged up

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the name of every CIA officer or agent he'd ever met or even heard of for his book *Inside the Company: CIA Diary,* published in Britain in 1975. It is darkly suggested that Agee got something more than help from the Cuban intelligence service, and that he may even be under the control of the KGB.

In late 1976 Britain declared Agee an undesirable alien and after a long, losing battle he was deported last June. Since then he has been looking for a home, but nobody seems to want him. In August he was expelled from France, in December he was refused entry into West Germany, and in January of this year the Netherlands told him he had until the end of March to leave the country. The Justice Department assured him a year ago that he had nothing to fear if he returned to the United States, but for some reason Agee doesn't want to come back.

Something more is going on here than meets the eye. Agee's expulsion from so many countries can hardly be spontaneous; the U.S. government must be playing a part. But why? If we don't plan to prosecute him, why are we helping to dislodge him from one country after another? I suspect the ultimate purpose is to force him to seek refuge in a Communist country and thus tacitly concede he is something more than an ordinary whistle-blower.

And finally:

What ever happened to the New York Times's search *for the Loch Ness Monster?*

THOMAS POWERS

THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

THE SCREEN

The scariest scene in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is the one where little Barry is kidnapped by the extra-terrestrials. This is the scene where, as I was saying in my previous column on *Close Encounters*, we feel as if we are watching *The Exorcist*. The space creatures invade the house unseen, like poltergeists, and rip Barry right out of the arms of his mother Jill. Even while the scene is going on, however, the mood of ominousness is being undercut in certain ways. For one thing, the invaders have a ludicrous respect for other people's property. When they come up through a heating duct, they don't just rip the grate out of the floor-boards. They unscrew the screws with invisible hands first. For another thing, Barry isn't all that unwilling to go with them. It's hard to tell whether they drag him from the house, or he scampers out to join them. In the final analysis, the atmosphere in the scene is such that it might almost have had that old pop tune "Close the Doors, They're Comin' in the Windows" for its theme music.

There is a more clearly comical reprise of this scene, too, when Roy Neery (Richard Dreyfuss) decides to build a model of that shape he keeps seeing everywhere. The shape has been implanted in the minds of the people who saw the UFOs, and it is in effect a set of further instructions for them. Once they realize it is the shape of a Wyoming landmark called the Devil's Monument, they will all rendezvous there for a close encounter of the big kind. Meanwhile, Roy is having such a hard time getting the shape in focus that he's become obsessed with it. One morning his family finds him throwing dirt and bricks in through the kitchen window —materials for the model of the shape which he suddenly feels compelled to build in the living room. Now it's Roy who's "comin' in the windows," and his wife has about the same reaction that Jill did when something from another world invaded her kitchen. The one difference is that Roy's wife does manage to keep their kids out of his clutches. She abandons the house to Roy, taking the kids with her in the family station wagon.

The point of this scene, as of many others, is that Roy is not long for this world. Maybe he was never meant for this world in the first place. Maybe he is one of *them*, as a scientist later suggests Einstein was. The minute he sees his first UFO, Roy begins to prepare for his departure. Even when he is kissing his wife on a starry night, he continues to scan the heavens as he does so. In effect he is already leaving the cares of the world behind. The morning that he gets a phone call saying he's lost his job with the power company, his wife starts demanding he tell her what he plans to do about it. But he sees that shape again in the folds of a pillow, and her crying, insistent voice just fades away on the sound track. Finally, after he's built the Devil's Monument in the living room, there's a brief scene where Roy looks out the window at normal people mowing their lawns, cooking out on their barbecues, etc., and he turns away again at once with anguish and disbelief on his face. Family life now means no more to him than a soap opera, as Spielberg has implied by having one come on TV after Roy's wife and kids leave home.

This is where Roy ultimately differs from Jill. Although these two are meant for each other—the perfect space-age couple—it seems there is still a difference between the sexes. It's a surprisingly old-fashioned difference, in fact, when you consider how ready this movie has been to bust up the nuclear family and jettison other traditional values. What brings Roy to the Devil's Monument is departure. It's his readiness to leave for outer space. What brings Jill there is the opposite: retrieval—her desperate, ceaseless hope that,

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if she goes there, somehow she'll get Barry back. She is, it turns out, heavily into motherhood. She hasn't severed all the umbilical cords the way Roy has.

When the two of them at last crouch in the rocks overlooking the space port that has been built at Devil's Monument, Roy urges her to come down where the space ship itself is landing. Unlike Roy's wife, she is understanding of his need to go down. She plays the wifely role that his real wife couldn't fulfill. But she herself doesn't come down until it's clear that Barry is going to be let off the ship, and then she hurries back up into the rocks with him as soon as he is. In the interim, the extra-terrestrials have by-passed all the scientists and astronauts present and selected Roy to accompany them back into space. As I was saying in my previous column, the premise of Spielberg's film is that close encounters of the third kind will be a kind of encounter therapy. That's what Roy's "actual contact" with the extra-terrestrials becomes now. The greeting they instinctively extend as he enters their spaceship is to start touching and feeling him.

Whether *Close Encounters* takes us into the future or not, it certainly takes us deeper into the present in revealing ways. For one thing it reveals how far we have come from the past. It has been about twenty years since science fiction has had the sort of boom it currently enjoys. That was back around the time of Sputnik, and the predominant sci-fi myth was the myth of US vs. THEM. All the films dealt with the efforts of clean-cut Americans like Roy to fend off invasions from outer space. Sometimes the invasions were overt aggression. Sometimes they were of a subversive nature, as in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. But the intent was the same. In *Close Encounters*, on the other hand, all the ideology that inspired the sci-fi of the fifties is in the mouths of military personnel who are depicted as fools and knaves. The horrific images in this film are the ones of our own civilization.

The visitations by the UFOs are always exhilarating. But when a group of people who think they're about to encounter a UFO realize that the craft descending on them is a U.S. Army helicopter, the occasion turns into panic and rout instead. (Vietnam has made the Chinook helicopter into an archetype that a filmmaker can call upon any time he wants to arouse instant dread.) Perhaps the most gruesome gesture Spielberg makes in this direction comes when the Army evacuates the people around Devil's Monument, claiming as a cover story that some toxic gas has escaped there. At a railhead where Roy searches for Jill during the evacuation, the Army is loading huge masses of terrified people into boxcars. It's an image of the Nazi deportation. This is the kind of imagery in which we have come to see ourselves. Spielberg proves it by making a film which depicts us this way and is enormously popular anyhow. We accept this view of ourselves. It's no wonder, then, that sci-fi has done a turn-around in the last two decades. The message is clear. We've made such a mess of our own world now that it's impossible to believe one invading us from outer space could be any worse. On the contrary, it would almost have to be better.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

THE STATE OF THE NATION

MICHAEL KAMMEN

Aspects of American Liberty: Philosophical, Historical and Political

Edited by GEORGE W. CORNER

American Philosophical Society, $10

200 Years of the Republic in Retrospect

Edited by WILLIAM C. HAVARD

University Press of Virginia, $12.50

Despite all the criticisms of our Buy-centennial, many of them entirely justified, the 200th anniversary of the United States did elicit quite a number of serious assessments of the state of the nation: how we reached our present circumstances, how we are doing, and where we are going. The two best known collections, perhaps, are *The American Commonwealth, 1976*, edited by Nathan Glazer and Irving Kristol (Basic Books, 1976) and *America's Continuing Revolution*, edited by Stephen J. Tonsor (Anchor Books, 1976). Each one was widely noticed at the time of publication and, on the whole, rather well received.

The two books being reviewed here were first present as symposia in 1976. *200 Years of the Republic* originated as a special issue of the *Journal of Politics* in August 1976. Neither one appeared in the book form until 1977, however, and neither one has attracted much notice. Such neglect is not entirely justified, though both volumes are uneven in texture and value. The addresses presented at the American Philosophical Society observance are largely historical in orientation, and tend to be of higher quality. The essays commissioned by the *Journal of Politics* were prepared primarily by political scientists; and they are, over-

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all, inferior to those in *Aspects of American Liberty*. The political science pieces are less well written, more often burdened with professional and academic jargon, and in many instances are curiously dependent upon interpretive studies now considered out of date.

The contributors to *Aspects of American Liberty* are on the whole a much more distinguished group. As the editor explains, they were "speakers chosen for the wide range of their understanding of the sources of American political freedom—a poet (Archibald MacLeish), a high officer of the law (Robert H. Bork), a veteran public administrator (David E. Lilienthal), professors of classical, medieval and modern history, scholars versed in the history of religion, law, science, and statecraft." Some of the addresses are scholarly and documented, while others are speculative —"essays" in the most literal sense.

In several instances there is lively disagreement among the contributors, even when they are colleagues at the same institution. Robert R. Palmer of Yale, for example, emphasizes the bland and only partially innovative character of the American Enlightenment and Revolution (pp. 51-52, 55), yet Sydney Ahlstrom of Yale stresses their radical character (pp. 65-66).

In other respects, however, there is unanimity. Caroline Robbins's piece on William Penn, James Hutson's on tendencies toward intercolonial union, and Gerald Gunther's on "Nation-building Elements of the Constitution" all call attention to the origins, acceptance and implications of *diversity* as a positive value in American political culture.

Gunther and Harry W. Jones, Professor of Jurisprudence at Columbia, both give us particularly vigorous articles; and they both find many components of the Constitution originating directly in those Articles of Confederation which provided our frame of government prior to 1789. Gunther and Jones are refreshingly revisionist in regarding the Constitution as much less a repudiation of the Articles than it has recently been regarded in the conventional academic wisdom.

Gunther goes on to argue yet another fresh point of view, one that will have to be considered quite seriously by historians and jurists:

> To me, the critical innovation was the Supremacy Clauses in Article VI of the Constitution. It was that Clause that declared the Constitution to be the law of the land, enforceable in courts. There, to me, lies the most creative contribution: the Convention's decision, emanating from surprising sources and not wholly understood in the summer of 1787, to assure the effectiveness of the national government not through resort to military and political confrontations, but rather through invocation of routine judicial processes. (*Aspects*, p. 147)

Joseph Strayer's contribution, called "The Rule of Law," is wise in comprehending so many of the ironies

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of western history, and in perceiving some of its curious discontinuities. Edmund S. Morgan offers an immensely important and highly original piece entitled "The Problem of Popular Sovereignty." He displays the breadth and maturity of his scholarship by making illuminating comparisons between political practices in England and her colonies. Here is Morgan's own summation of the critical question he has chosen to assess:

> In sum, the American Revolution marked the culmination, in America at least, of a transformation that took government out of the hands of monarchs claiming to rule by the grace of God and placed it in the hands of the people. But the transformation left unanswered a number of questions that had arisen as soon as the people began to take a hand in government through elected representatives, whether in England or in the England's colonies. How to discover the will of the people? How to get them to express it? How to know whether there was any will to express? How to make government responsive to it when it was expressed? And what to do when the apparent will of the people ran counter to what their representatives thought good and right for them? (*Aspects*, pp. 112-13)

Closely related to these questions is the title of Robert Bork's essay, "Can Democratic Government Survive?" (Bork served as Solicitor General of the United States under Presidents Nixon and Ford.) Bork is "provocative" in the best sense of that word. He has the courage to voice some very unfashionable ideas—though admittedly the neo-conservatism which he represents seems to be gaining currency day by day.

Bork's great fear is that we are being governed more and more by two sorts of officials—bureaucrats (who are not elected) and judges (most of whom are not elected)—rather than by our elected representatives. "The prospect, then, is the in-

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creasing irrelevance of democratic government. What replaces it is bureaucratic and judicial government, which may be benign and well intentioned, and may respond somewhat to popular desires, though not always, but cannot by definition be democratic." (p. 180)

Ultimately, however, I find that Bork has a vague and somewhat strange definition of "democracy," referring more to process than to purpose, concerned more with an abstract ideal of freedom than with compassion for human needs. His neoconservatism, nonetheless, is at least galvanized by intelligence, honesty, and realism—unlike the rusty neoconservatism which pervades *200 Years of the Republic.*

George W. Carey and James McClellan, for example, in "Toward the Restoration of the American Political Tradition," would like to make the U.S. Constitution a lot more visible, which is fine, but at the expense of making the Declaration of Independence and its embarrassing egalitarian principles all but *invisible.*

René de Visme Williamson, the author of "British and European Commentaries on the American Political Experience," shoots off a number of absurd claims because he is just delighted with the *status quo.* He describes, for example, "the enormous progress of the Negro race in the United States, a progress which has given them a status unequalled by blacks anywhere else in the world." (p. 108)!

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In general this collection of essays by political scientists is marred by sloppy thinking and shoddy scholarship. Jasper B. Shannon cannot even quote correctly from one of the most famous statements in the entire history of political thought: Thomas Hobbes's observation that in a state of nature the life of man is "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." (Cf. Shannon, "Bicentennial Reflections on Party Government," p. 129.)

More serious, perhaps, because more pervasive, is the fact that so many of these political scientists posit as their starting point a very conservative American Revolution. Where do they get it? How do they justify it? By relying upon outmoded works of historical interpretation from the 1950s —books by Clinton Rossiter, Daniel Boorstin, Louis Hartz, Robert E. Brown and others whose views have long since been discarded or revised by serious students of the American Revolution. During the mid-1970s a new delineation of the Revolution has been unveiled, thereby helping us to see its innovative and radical dimensions more clearly than we ever have before.

Yet *200 Years of the Republic* is not a dead loss. Strangely out of place between its covers are several strong essays. One of them, for instance, was written by Walter Dean Burnham, who is quite critical of the neo-conservatives (see .p. 147). Burnham's important piece is entitled "Revitalization and Decay: Looking Toward the Third Century of American Electoral Politics." Its thesis is quite complicated and must be followed out in detail; but Burnham states its essence on p. 149: "Critical [voting] realignments have historically been induced by the political system's incapacity to undergo more than marginal incremental change. They have been America's surrogate for revolution."

We may not all agree, but that challenging proposition is eminently worthy of discussion. More the pity that Burnham is given to such usage as "volatilized," "power implosion" and "impaction."

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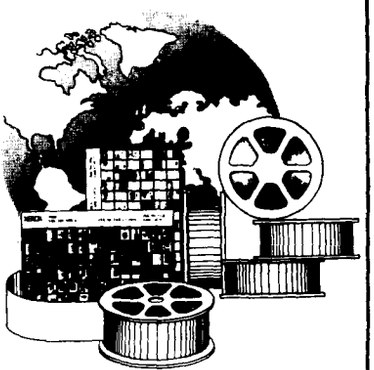

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Such volumes as these tend to be ephemeral and fall between the cracks. But for better (*Aspects of American Liberty*) and for worse (*The Republic in Retrospect*), both books may serve as benchmarks of the American (largely academic) mind at the time of our Bicentennial—a particularly significant moment of political anomie, social change and intellectual adjustment.

Scientific Man

ENRICO CANTORE, S.J.

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GEORGE W. SHEA

In his latest book, *Scientific Man*, Enrico Cantore studies the significance of science for humanity. His study is based upon two theses: first, that science is an essential factor in the historical development of man, not merely an esoteric pastime to be engaged in by chosen initiates; and second, that science cannot alone provide a satisfactory answer to the questions of man's place in the cosmos, but must be complemented by philosophical reflection, which takes the achievements of science into account.

Cantore's book is divided into two parts. The first explores the practice of scientific research, the relationship of the scientist to the natural world, and the nature and significance of his discovery. It stresses the dynamism and orderliness of nature, its mysteriousness, and the connection between scientific discovery and religious awareness. The second part places these issues in a philosophical perspective. It treats the epistemological, ontological and ethical questions which are raised by science, and attempts to demonstrate the inability of science to answer these by itself. The book closes with a chapter which provides suggestions for the creation of a new synthesis of scientific knowledge and philosophical reflection.

After examining its contents, one might conclude that *Scientific Man* is a book likely to be of interest to philosophers and scientists alone. This is not, I think, the case. It should be of general interest to all who are concerned with the place of science in our culture and with the dangers and promises it holds for us. It should be of special interest to educators, especially to those in higher education who are concerned about the widening gap between the two cultures, between the sciences and the humanities.

Why is this so? Anyone who has been involved in teaching undergraduates during the past decade, knows that students are troubled by the fragmentation of knowledge and by the seeming impossibility of pursuing, let alone achieving, wisdom. Many feel that knowledge, and especially scientific knowledge, is so extensive and complex that it can be known only in bits and pieces by specialists, who themselves understand only a fragment of reality. As a result students lose confidence in their ability to guide their own lives and solve their own problems. They slip into lives of quiet desperation, in which all serious questions are referred to experts. Their moral lives are lived more and more by consulting the yellow pages or TV commercials, less and less by reflection, work, and acts of character and will. The long range political effects of this can be devastating to a free society.

Students want desperately, in such an intellectual climate, to be reassured that human knowledge forms a coherent whole, and that they can achieve the kind of understanding that will enable them to direct their own lives intelligently. In order to be so reassured they must be satisfied that the newest and most powerful kind of knowledge, scientific knowledge, fits into the overarching worldview with which they are provided. They will accept no view of knowledge that leaves science out, and they are, of course, right in this. This is why Cantore's book is important; it attempts to point the way to such a coherent view of human cognition, a view which includes science and includes it as a centerpiece not as a troublesome appendage.

Cantore will no doubt be criticized by those who equate excellence with specialization, and consider all attempts

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at gaining broader vision as amateurish or superficial. Unfortunately they may be joined in their criticism by some liberal thinkers who wrongly see the concept of a coherent worldview as a threat to cultural pluralism. Nevertheless, those who know first-hand students' longing for coherence, and for an escape from fragmentation, will appreciate Cantore's work more deeply, and better still, criticize his attempt.

This reviewer found many things to praise in the book and a few to blame. It is written with great clarity and can be easily understood by bright undergraduates. The author is to some extent the captive of his own organizational structure, and this makes the book somewhat longer than it need have been. However, this is more than made up for by the many and interesting quotes from scientists themselves, which give the book a liveliness and authenticity not often encountered in such works.

Indeed, the scientists fare better than the philosophers. As Cantore himself acknowledges in his preface, earlier attempts at synthesis by philosophers are not dealt with. This is understandable, given the limits of space, but it creates some difficulties. Specifically, the author's presentation of earlier epistemological and ontological solutions, many of whose bases are philosophical, is somewhat superficial; and he thus leaves himself open to the charge of setting up "straw men." One especially laments the absence of any reference to Plato's *Timaeus* or, at the other end of the historical spectrum, to modern realist philosophers like Whitehead and Santayana.

Finally, it is in dealing with the concept of creativity that Cantore has, I think, both raised the largest questions and left the most work still to be done. He refers to man as "coresponsible creator of the universe," and quotes Bronowski: "Science, like art, is not a copy of the universe, but a recreation of her. We remake nature by the act of discovery, in the poem or in the theorem." But Cantore also warns us of man's seeing himself as a "new Prometheus capable of fashioning the universe as he pleases . . ."; and of his "naive and self-deceptive expectations." This, it seems to me is the crux of the matter. Is man's creativity as scientist and poet cognitive only, or cognitive and moral, or cognitive moral *and* physical, in that he gives shape to a plastic, moldable universe? It is here that all the agonizing ethical questions will arise, where nature and her forms meet the forms of man's imagination and intellect. Cantore brings us to this question, but does not, understandably, give us the whole answer. Still, even for the journey this far, we should be grateful.

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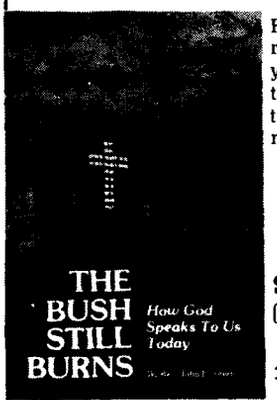

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parallel form in which the world of feelings emerges in *Body as Spirit:* it is that whole world of *reaction to values* without which we are not really human, much less religious. And without this enormous area of responses to values we do not even think: "Not to feel injustice is not to perceive injustice, even if we learn to name it from what others say. For that reason the intellectual approach to reality, being an incomplete response, reveals reality only partially."

What Davis is largely trying to do, and what he does, is to make a contribution to that side of the history of ideas which refuses the easy dichotomy: "Since the human self is both intelligent and bodily, spiritual and material, its spontaneous responses are indissolubly both intelligent and bodily, spiritual and physiological."

It occurs to this reviewer that there are more forms of this dichotomy between feeling and thought in history and in our present midst than we ordinarily reckon with. Eliot the great poet seems to have laughed at the idea that he the poet might be taken for "a thinker." Susan Sontag gives us a book of criticism *(Against Interpretation)* which demands that literature stay aggressively away from all concepts and interpretation. Archibald MacLeish gave us the formula long ago (but probably without the foreknowledge of its endless quotability), that a poem does not mean but is. In the realm of classical scholarship Erich A. Havelock (in his book *Preface to Plato*) locates the beginnings of thought in Plato and his discovery of the concept. Thus, if thinking is in the head, he cuts off the heads of such majestic thinkers as Homer, Parmenides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and how many others it is impossible to count. The sharpest and most detailed refutation of this abysmal hypothesis about the early poets and poetic feeling (that therein there is no thought) may be found in H. D. F. Kitto's *Poiesis.*

But this will be an eternal conflict. At the end of the world half of the world will be proclaiming that feelings cannot think and cannot collaborate in the tasks of the spirit or philosophy or theology; the other half will defend the title of Charles Davis' book. I will not presume to say which half will be damned. But meanwhile the fight goes on. One would think that the matter had been settled at least in the arts, where feeling, and great feeling, might have the primacy. But not necessarily so at all.

In the case of Bertold Brecht, for example, we have an important contemporary instance of the fear of feeling. As a critic of theater his key word is "alienation," though it is very important to realize that in his context the word never means what it meant for Karl Marx or for the sad metaphysicians of modern culture. The word simply means what it literally meant in Latin: to be or make other. So it means the distance one thing has from another, or the creation of a space between two things. Brecht wants to create a distance or space between feeling and thought in the theater. And he would do this in order that the dramatist, the director, the actors, be scientists who would help the audience to think straight, and to make objective social judgments and contributions toward the changing of the world. But it is a tribute to Brecht that very little of his theorizing got into his own dramatizing. For one thing, it has been suggested by Martin Esslin that B.B. was himself a man of powerful and threatening feelings who needed such a powerful rational system as Marxism to keep his feelings under what looks like excessive mastery.

With Charles Davis, for the very most part, his own stand goes exactly in reverse to this: if there is, in "religious experience," a polarity between our two great factors, the part that must be given new and added life is feeling and the body. Yet there he is himself, as so many of his contemporaries, thinking and saying that the life of religious feeling is lost unless we move into the life of the world in a

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sacramental way. I hope I misunderstood, for this sounds to me like a vast and impossible task. But his own feelings come out more mightly when he puts in a stout vote for the gift of spontaneity; he brings the latter into the beauty of its larger context by a beautiful distinction: "I want to distinguish two kinds of asceticism, which I call the asceticism of punitive discipline and the asceticism of achieved spontaneity." This is a very beautiful distinction.

It reminds us that the achievement of true and spontaneous feeling is the work of a lifetime, no matter what the instant achievers of sincerity and authenticity say. And this may be one of the most difficult things for the charismatic and evangelical movements to understand, that neither poetry nor ecstasy will ever come at the drop of a hat or a wink of an eye or a command of the will. That this is so is a part of Davis's aesthetic of feelings: they cannot be truly born without a relation to history and education.

My only large criticism of *Body and Spirit* is that he is inclined to catch too many questions in the net of his central argument and plea. This can lead to too great rapidity and the sense of a scholasticism that does not belong to such a book. Or he argues for the use of a dialectical method—a bringing together of opposites or the fading of opposites into a new and higher unity —but at times he is unfair and forgets his own directives. For example again: we all know that there are mad or impossible forms of authority which can destroy the healthy autonomy of a human being; but to conceive these two things—authority and autonomy—as mutually self destructive is all too rapid for me. Just to pick out an important pair of people, Pascal and Freud, will help us to deal with the question in a slower way. Certainly the two of them, in not very different ways, have given us splendid images of the mad and sane parts of a human being and the need of somehow building the two into a common house. This is impossible without some kind and some degree of interior authority. It is first necessary to have coped with the interior analogue of this question before we will be at home with the always painful working out of the exterior phases of autonomy and authority. But if we stick to a purely romantic and beautiful image of the human interior, then we will place all ugliness and evil in the exterior.

Body and Spirit is a good book. What it needs most of all is the larger space of another companion volume. One cannot say a better thing of a book than that it deserves more space.

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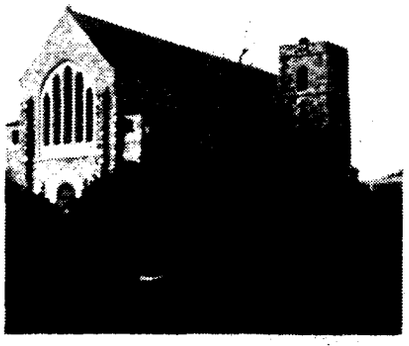

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weaving from *Culture and Society* through *The Country and the City* (the acme, I think) and *Television: Technology and Cultural Form* have accumulated into a body of cultural thought that need not defer to the more fashionable (because Continental? because schematic?) work of George Lukacs, Bertolt Brecht, and the French semiologists and structuralists, academic superstars all. Williams's insistence on culture as a human process, on cultural institutions as well as particular artworks as forms of social relating, has carried Marxist literary studies past the deadly simple pseudo-theories of "base" and "superstructure" which for over a century have made them a grotesque escape from reckoning—and therefore confrontation—with culture. Williams, characteristically, would be the first to say that the split in classic Marxism between the "real material base" of society and the somehow derivative "superstructure" of consciousness and culture was itself one form of a larger *social* division, in which the "real material base" solidified while "culture" was the terrain reserved as the repository for wishes, feelings, and thoughts excluded from the dominant social practices. Orthodox Marxism therefore ended up perversely reinforcing the prevailing culture's commodity standards of value, while conceding to bourgeois criticism that art occupies a sphere apart.

In *Marxism and Literature* Williams set out to assess a half-century of theoretical wrigglings away from this confining orthodoxy, and to put the Marxian study of literature and culture on a new footing. His critical contribution is important, often ingenious, a fine act of subversion within the Marxist tradition. But as a step forward in its own right, it suffers by separation from the detailed analyses in Williams's earler books. The book frustrates. At best the writing composes an assembly of arguments as intricately shaped as a Cubist painting. But at worst it is almost a set of discursive lecture notes, stodgy and often cryptic, oddly obscuring the real originality of the argument.

Williams's method is first of all historical. The history of cultural theory begins with the history of its language: thus many of the discussions begin with etymologies of "cultures," "ideology," "literature," "determine," "tradition," and so on. These prologues are always elucidating: we see how shifts in social reality and thought go along with shifts in the language which is, after all, the mortar of social discourse. Following these rectifications of names we get critical treatments of a great range of issues in cultural theory. We get sensitive exegeses of Marx and followers, sometimes succumbing—despite Williams's subversive intention—to that dismal pursuit of the kernel of truth which can be brandished as what Marx *really* meant. Williams surveys the entire Marxist tradition in cultural studies, including a number of interesting and obscure heretics, in his 212 gnarled pages. Throughout he tries to see cultural transactions as active practices. Writing, for example, is neither the privileged creation of "texts" from outside society, nor a passive "reflection" of it, but a process *in* society and fully as "material" as any other productive act. (The concept of autonomous "artistic creation" originated in the Renaissance as an aping of God's work; it was from the first a disguise

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of the facts of the artist's conflicted social identity, and helped shield him from the Church.) Again and again, in manifold ways, Williams insists on the complexity and contradictoriness of the processes of cultural production, and the impossibility of reducing it to anything more schematic. Vulgar Marxism and semiology are each demolished; nor is there any more sympathy for the orthodox criticism that is content to manufacture typologies and to assign hierarchies of aesthetic value by purely internal criteria. In some moments Williams succeeds in synthesizing the best of the Marxist and the formal critical traditions; he is one of the few critics who could do so.

William's overall approach to a sociology of culture, as best I understand it, is to study the whole tissue of relations in which cultural transactions are embedded. Put this way, the design seems almost obvious; yet it remains vague at major junctures. Studded throughout the text like Eliot's "garlic and sapphires in the mud," are superb insights into the nature of aesthetic situations, and trenchant critiques of the reigning Marxist pieties and the hauteurs of high criticism alike. (I wish Williams's critiques of "socialist" practice in China and elsewhere were equally unequivocal and specific.) But as a guide to future cultural studies and practices the whole argument emerges much more blurred than it ought: partly because of unnecessarily tangled syntax, partly because Williams bends over backwards to be fair to too many other arguments. (*Marxism and Literature* is one of a series of Marxist introductions which Williams co-edits; the Introduction genre tends toward sliding once over lightly.) In all his generosity there is something relentlessly abstract and cumbersome about Raymond Williams's writing. Indeed this is a prospectus, the outline of a meta-theory, not an achieved and live theory of its own. It will take a generation of scholars many years to bring Williams's arguments to bear on the rich stuff of cultural life.

REVIEWERS

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 195*)

employment constitute a basic ingredient of any meaningful work for peace. It is frustrating to read so much periodical peace literature which ignores this hard fact. Nothing much will be accomplished until enough voters gather political clout seriously to influence the institutions of government in this regard.

Therefore it is heartening indeed to read that the Machinists Union (A.F.L.-C.I.O.) had the courage and the good sense to elect a president who stands squarely "for conversion of defense industry to constructive things like solar energy and mass transit" (see *America*, issue of December 31, 1977, page 478, John C. Cort).

In today's world, total unilateral disarmament—lacking as we still do, an effective international policing and peace-keeping force—is neither realistic nor possible. But this nation has the resourcefulness and the leadership to make a significant beginning toward decreasing the armament 'bloat.' The urgency for such a course will have to originate with the rank-and-file of the citizenry. Significant alternative job opportunities must be proportioned to necessary changes in the agro-industrial picture. This is an important part of the educative message that ought to accompany every appeal for peace, and be understood in the background of every protest against police brutality and in favor of human rights.

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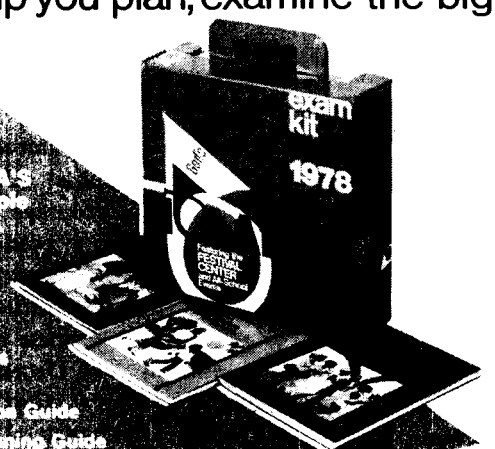

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